

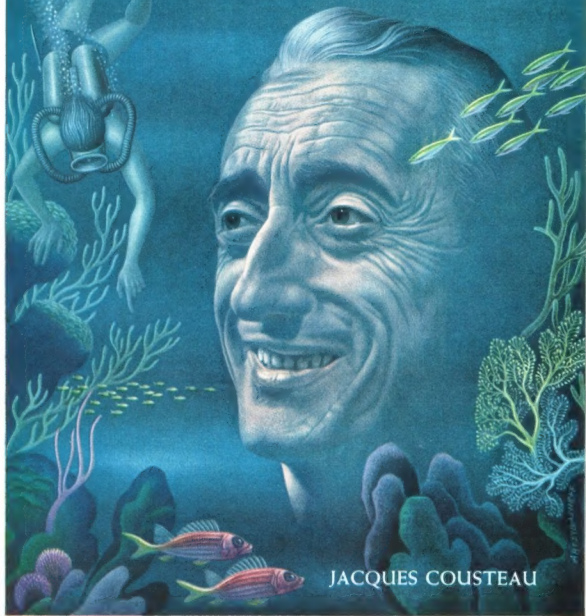
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 28, 1960

SKINDIVING
Poetry, Pleasure & Pelf

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JACQUES COUSTEAU

\$7.00 A YEAR

(PUBL. U.S. MAIL OFFICE)

VOL. LXXV NO. 13

Solo ...
alone,
but not unguarded

It's a great day for a boy when he solos. Still, he's glad Dad's there just in case.

Dad himself rides solo as the breadwinner of the family—but he, too, has a “just in case” friend standing by. His dependable friend is the Connecticut Mutual Life man who helped tailor a life insurance plan precisely for him.

A CML man can help you, too, plan for family security, education and retirement. He can help you select the *right* combination of policies and settlement options from the hundreds CML offers. This way you'll get the most for the dollars you invest in life insurance.

So talk with your CML man. He can help you answer that important question, “How much and what kind of life insurance should I own?”

In business 114 years

CML, with offices in more than 200 cities throughout the country, is owned by its policyholders who enjoy substantial dividends, and is noted for high income to beneficiaries and flexible policy contracts.

Connecticut Mutual Life
INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD



Meet **ANGLIA** ...Just off the boat from England and already caught up in the American swing of things! But why not? Dashing, sophisticated, fun-loving—that's ANGLIA. And a simply wizard performer. New OHV engine and sports-type gearshift give it performance far superior to its competition. Consider too: the room inside, wide doors, luggage-devouring boot, Z-line rear window for extra headroom and larger boot lid. Solid British quality, but nuts and bolts are American sizes—no special tools required. ANGLIA costs only \$1629*, including full instrumentation, posh color choice, torsion bar suspension. ANGLIA gives up to 40 m. p. g., can save you up to 9¢ per mile. Going to the baseball match? ANGLIA savings can buy the umpire. But that wouldn't be cricket, chaps!

Get the **LION**'s share of driving fun!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN.



CHOOSE FROM 12 MODELS IN THE ENGLISH FORD LINE, INCLUDING ANGLIA, PREFECT, CONSUL, ZEPHYR, ZODIAC, AND THAMES VANS. FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER, CALL YOUR LOCAL WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25.

Made in England for the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Sold and serviced in the United States by selected dealers. For further information write Reported Car Sales, Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. *Manufacturer's suggested retail price at Eastern and Gulf ports of entry. State and local taxes and transportation from POE extra.



A Culligan water softener can be connected in your home today. Homemaking immediately becomes more efficient. You'll be pleasantly amazed when you see and feel the difference whenever and wherever you use water in your home. You, too, will agree that soft water is a girl's best friend. Just call your nearby Culligan man.

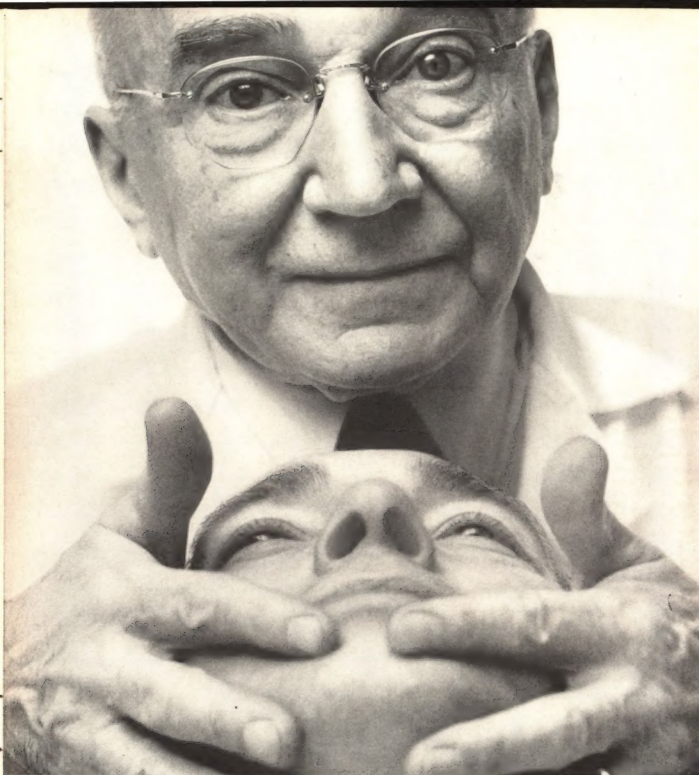


Culligan Family Automatic Model. You own it.

Culligan Soft Water Service. We own it.

Culligan...SEEN MOST OFTEN WHERE THERE'S WATER TO SOFTEN

Culligan, Inc. and its franchised dealers in the United States, Canada, South America and Europe • Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.



A world-famous barber says:

"Some men seriously need After-Shaving Lotion. Some don't." Do you?



Charles De Zemler, the internationally admired barber, has seen many a close shave. "I've shaved princes and thieves (only rich ones, of course)," says De Zemler, "and I can tell you that there are as many types of skin as there are men. To some men, After-Shaving Lotion is no luxury!

"If you live in a hot climate you probably

have more sensitive skin than the man who lives up North. You need the new healing agents and the good, rich emollients in an After-Shaving Lotion like Yardley. Or, if you shave with an electric razor that passes over and over your skin... you need the conditioning of After-Shaving Lotion.

"If your beard's heavy and you shave often, you need it. Or, if you shave with

brushless or aerosol foam, you need Yardley After-Shaving Lotion... more than the man who sticks to his brush and natural soap lathers."

Tip to men with hyper-sensitive type skin: for you there is a special new Yardley Tender Skin Shaving Lotion that soothes even the most sensitive skin. It is sting-free and sticky-free. In fact, it is almost as great as never having to shave at all. **YARDLEY**



**CAPTIVE-AIR STEEL-CORD
SAFETY SHIELD**

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater"
on TV every other Monday evening.

GOOD 

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR



Only Goodyear dares to say...

NO MORE FLATS... FROM ANY CAUSE!

WE GUARANTEE: If a Goodyear tire with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield ever goes flat—from any cause—we will:

1. Pay for your road service
2. Replace the Shield at no cost
3. Give you full allowance for unused tread wear if the tire is damaged (In the rare event you need to take advantage of this guarantee, simply call your nearest Goodyear dealer.)

Now—never again a roadside tire change, if you get tires with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield by Goodyear!

Goodyear Safety Shields *will not go flat* if the tire is punctured, torn or blown out. They're actually built-in spares, made with tough nylon and steel cord.

If you have any kind of tire damage with these shields protecting you—you can drive on to a service station, at reasonable

speed, even 100 miles or more, for service.

Make up your mind you've had your last flat. Get the Safety Shield in either of these great tires: 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion—standard or optional equipment on some of America's finest cars, or 3-T Nylon Double Eagle—the best tire man can make or money can buy. Talk to your nearby Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.



Only the air in the outer chamber escapes if the tire is cut, torn or blown out. Reserve air in the tough, nylon-and-steel-cord Safety Shield immediately supports the car, lets you drive on for 100 miles or more at reasonable speeds.



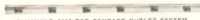
YEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Captive-Air, Super-Cushion, Double Eagle T. M.'s,
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



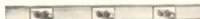
Any cord-tangled family can live a better life with PLUGMOLD, the surface wiring system that puts outlets where you want them and feeds full power to each outlet. Not just another kind of extension cord, all-steel PLUGMOLD offers a variety of outlet spacing and wiring capacities, goes neatly in any building. PLUGMOLD GIVES MORE OUTLETS FOR LESS MONEY. Write The Wiremold Company, Hartford 10, Conn. for full data.



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ADDRESS (use space in margin below) _____

Te-9

LETTERS

Inalienable Right

Sir:
On account of your worldwide circulation of over 3,000,000, it is my inalienable right to congratulate you. Of course, sometimes I have felt a genuine desire to punch some TIME writer in the nose, but more often I have felt a stronger desire to shake hands.

ALLAN TALLQVIST

Helsinki, Finland

The Kenya Cover

Sir:
Apparently if one is a black agitator and a Red collaborator, the cover of TIME will be open to him easily—as in the case of Tom Mboya [March 7].

I first heard this man in a TV speech in which he made the statement that if the West would only practice its democracy, the Communist danger would not exist. A ridiculously silly statement, of course. This is, apparently, the kind of demagoguery that TIME approves of!

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS

Annapolis, Md.

Sir:
TIME has been quick to grasp the importance of the vast continent of Africa and the part it is destined to play in the future of the world. I take this opportunity to offer my congratulations for your really first-class cover story on the great young nationalist, Tom Mboya, and your analysis of the rapidly changing face of Africa.

JAMES A. BALL

London

Sir:
I do not think that it is wise to describe the Kikuyu rite of female circumcision as barbaric just because it is not practiced in the U.S. I would like to remind you that female circumcision is common in many parts of Africa and in other parts of the world also.

LAMBERT OSITA OPARA

Indiana State Teachers College

Terre Haute, Ind.

The Dines at Home

Sir:
While violently chewing my way through the March 14 issue of TIME, I happened upon a picture of my "uncle," Painter Claes Oldenburg, engaging in a "happening." My mother, who was violently washing dishes at the time, calmed down long enough to read me your account on what's happening



Martha Holmes

with the "happenings." I was very interested in a remark attributed to my father, Jim Dine, to the effect that he wanted to show the violence in the home. In my ten months of life, I can recall only three violent acts committed by my father in our home. Two of them were attacks of indignation, and the third was laughter and violent giggles in response to your article.

JEREMIAH DINE

New York City

¶ For Jeremiah (and his ghost-writing mother), here is Daddy Dine with one of his happenings.—Ed.

Nomination

Sir:
Only in TIME can one get the best in reporting, such as Mr. Lauritz Melchior's wonderful idea about our younger generation missing out by not being exposed enough to the nicer things in life [March 7]. How about Mr. Melchior as our first Minister of the Fine Arts?

MRS. RUDY VOIT

Uncasville, Conn.

Emotional Response

Sir:
I think what most non-Catholic voters fear was conclusively illustrated when you quoted an official as attributing much of Senator Kennedy's success in Wisconsin to "the emotional response among Catholics" [March 7].

The only thing more un-American than

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TIME
March 28, 1960

Volume LXXV
Number 13

TIME, MARCH 28, 1960



Mont Orgueil Castle in Jersey, one of the four Channel Islands (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark).

How to fall in love with Britain—after dark

YOU WILL FIND this castled village on the tiny British island of Jersey. There are no London night clubs here. No floor shows. No jazz. Just the sleepy blink of harbor lights, the slap of waves and the creak of sailing boats.

Explore a little. It won't take you long to discover the evening rewards of this tranquil little town. All is so still,

your footsteps make you jump. History stalks the castle ramparts. A few people still talk Norman French. And it's odd to reflect that this particular island once gave its name to the state of New Jersey.

You wind up at the inn, of course. Here, you can try your skill at darts. Here, the men are robust and so is the beer. You shake firm hands and trade a

tale or two. And the fish get bigger as you talk. This is the storied Britain—beyond the lights of Piccadilly.

But even in London, where nights are so brilliant, you find some quiet surprises. One place still serves an Elizabethan dinner. Peacock, syllabub and mead. See your travel agent. He can book you from New York and back for under \$400.

For free color illustrated booklet, "Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 155, British Travel Association, In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



The 1960 Bonneville Convertible

The most able pleasure craft ashore is a Wide-Track Pontiac

This is the roadworthy car with Wide-Track Wheels. This is the car that answers your commands with flawless precision on curves and turns. And this is the car with the Tempest Engine to sweep you along with that wind-at-your-back feeling (even when you're using money-saving regular gas in

Pontiac's 425E Economy V-8).

Once aboard, you travel first-class. Pontiac's color-coordinated interiors are fabulous. Created from fashionable materials, they're tailored and fitted with painstaking care. See your Pontiac dealer; take a Wide-Track drive.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car. With the widest track of any car, Pontiac gives you better stability, less lean and sway, accurate control.

PONTIAC

THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

not electing a man because of his religion, I believe, is to elect him because of his religion.

EMILY WILSON ROY

Wrightstown, N.J.

The Race for Space

Sir:

Never has more precious and timely truth concerning college entrance been printed in so prominent a place [March 7]. Thank you. I hope that it will be an eye opener and a help to many youths and parents.

H. L. RASMUSSEN

Chairman, Admissions Committee

Walla Walla College
College Place, Wash.

Sir:

So impressed am I with the article that I plan to suggest to the administration at the high school that they make it required reading.

KATHARINE S. SINCLAIR

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

If a student could make one application to a College Board admissions bureau, with a list of his colleges in order of preference, he would stand a much better chance of gaining admission to the college of his choice, for he would not be competing with all the boys who don't really want to go there but have applied for safety's sake. He would receive one, and only one acceptance. If he were not acceptable to any of his choices, his application would be rejected in the first place, and he would know where he stood.

G. CARPENTER

Stamford, Conn.

Sir:

Your article, "The Race to College," it seems, could be better entitled "The Race to Harvard."

FRANK P. STAFFORD

Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

Why this craze of what college to go to? I don't know. A man said to me the other day (he has a boy in college), "It's not what college you go to, it's what you send there." That was our experience.

CHESTER CLARK

Crown Point, Ind.

Sir:

I spend a great amount of my time in comparing various about colleges. Apparently I shall have to move my office to one of our elementary schools in the future. I suppose I should also pull my own five-year-old away from Captain Kangaroo and force him into making a vocational choice.

JOHN J. FAHEY

Snyder, N.Y.

Sir:

It seems to me that the quickest and best solution to the problem facing us of overcrowding our colleges is to reduce drastically the number of females permitted to matriculate. Let's face it, 99% of the girls entering college are in search of only one decree—MRS.

DALE J. BELLAMAH

Albuquerque

Quick Flackton

Sir:

As nimble as I can, this flack has hurried to correct your observation that Gambler Frank Costello bought the Hoffman touch [March 7]. Frank Costello never bought my touch—he sought my advice and got it for nothing. I have done as much for former Ambassador Joe Kennedy. I gave him free

let
your feet
feel the
wonderful
difference



Enjoy the wonderful comfort that comes to the man on the go when he wears Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Step lighter, step livelier with the perfect support that comes from Wright's four exclusive features.

Style 298—one of Wright's Whippet family of handsome shoes with extremely flexible construction. Imported, soft-as-butter calfskin uppers, lightweight leather soles. In brown or black.

- 1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
- 2 Metatarsal raise—for weight distribution
- 3 Flat forepart—permits foot exercise
- 4 Heel-to-ball fitting—shoe fits to foot action

wright
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For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.



A. E. REED, Vice-President, Finance;
Treasurer, Raytheon Company, says ...

**"With more than 30,000 employees in Blue Cross,
we see the value of this protection almost every day!"**

"The fact that we have a large number of people covered by Blue Cross gives us an excellent opportunity to see this protection at work in almost every type of hospital case. Our observations have convinced us that Blue Cross is definitely giving our people the help they need. And, of course, the fact that Blue Cross handles all details of payment directly with the hospitals saves us a tremendous amount of paper work!"

WHETHER you have many employees or few—whether you operate in one locality or across the country—Blue Cross can serve your protection aims realistically. If you wish, Blue Cross may be provided as a retirement benefit.

You will find Blue Cross gives outstanding value. That's because its objective is benefits based on care. And every cent paid Blue Cross, except for low administrative costs, goes to help pay members' hospital bills.

Also, there is a distinct advantage in the way Blue Cross Plans handle the details of payment directly with the hospitals. No ex-

tra burden for your staff. These are just a few of the reasons why some 300,000 companies, including such famous names as American President Lines, Ford Motor Co. and Sunkist Growers, have Blue Cross. For information, call your local Blue Cross Plan.

*Blue Cross and symbol reg. by the American Hospital Association

**BLUE
CROSS**



advice for Son Jack. "Get him a haircut. I advised."

Aware that I could not be bought and grateful for my advice, Costello once asked me to lunch. "I know I can't offer you any money, but I had an idea. I wuz readin' in Winchell's column the other day where your brudder was made dramatic critic of the Hollywood Reporter. Now here is my idea. I'm connected with a hotel in Las Vegas. We got a room there where we got entertainment. How would it be if I made your brudder dramatic critic of the hotel?"

IRVING HOFFMAN

Hong Kong

A Physical Education

Sir

So Dr. Conant has found "an almost vicious overemphasis on athletics" in the junior high schools he has studied [Feb. 29]. If he will continue his study he will find that the staff required to operate a typical high school in an average American small town is about as follows: six coaches, two physical education instructors, a band director, a coordinator of clubs, five to ten spinsters (either male or female) and two or three dozen assorted baby sitters (preferably with college degrees)

JOHN J. WATSON

Bluff City, Tenn.

Lecture Formula

Sir

I was pleased to see that two heroes of mine, Albrecht Altdorfer and Gyorgy Kepes, made TIME in one week [March 7].

If you think that Kepes' speech is "thickly accented" now, you should have heard him about ten years ago. I once happened to attend a Kepes lecture when he was at his most esoteric. The audience did not have the faintest idea what he was talking about in his fantastic Magyarized English; some actually thought he was speaking in Hungarian and that an English translation would follow. I have never seen a more successful lecture. Nobody wanted to admit ignorance, and the final ovation was thunderous.

JOHN MAASS

Philadelphia

O Broke New World!

Sir

Re "Finding the Truth" [March 7]. The lie detector is the greatest management tool since the cash register.

W. J. McCLURE

Truth Incorporated
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir

Your allocation of space as a sounding board for the almost incredible assertion that a lie-detector test "is not too much to ask of a prospective employee," confirms my suspicion that TIME subtly utilizes the methods of Jonathan Swift's *Modest Proposal*.

If the monstrous implications of this article are not attacked, we are suffering from what has been termed "moral schizophrenia."

JON CRAIG

Oceanside, Calif.

Sir

By eliminating dishonest employees the opening gambit has already been made, leaving employers and customers one-up. In the second stage the test should be applied to employers, eliminating all employers who have ever ripped a customer, leaving only the customer one-up. The third stage would be really hilarious, eliminating all dishonest customers and making all players even-up.

JOHN PIERSMA

Grand Haven, Mich.



A. E. REED, Vice-President, Treasurer,
Raytheon Company, says . . .

"The specialized protection Blue Shield® gives us assures greater satisfaction!"

"The Blue Shield people have earned the reputation of being experts in helping people with the cost of doctor care. Our experience has shown that this protection strikes an ideal balance of practical benefits and reasonable cost. Through Blue Shield, we have the kind of surgical-medical expense protection we need."

EVERY BLUE SHIELD PLAN is sponsored by doctors through state or local medical societies. This relationship is vitally important in providing protection that is broad, realistic and up-to-date.

Blue Shield coverage includes hundreds of different operations, plus many nonsurgical services. Yet the cost of Blue Shield protection is kept reasonable. All money paid in to Blue Shield, except for required reserves and

expenses, goes to help the members pay their doctor bills.

For help in setting up a new doctor expense benefit program, contact your local Blue Shield Plan.

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1 VALIANT WAGON (2 series, 4 models)



Rear facing third seat adds room—easy entry. No crawling over second seat.

27 wagons built with



6 DODGE DART WAGONS
(2 series, 6 models)

The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet 
from **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

VALIANT

PLYMOUTH

DODGE DART

DODGE

DE SOTO

CHRYSLER

IMPERIAL



9 PLYMOUTH WAGONS (3 series, 9 models)

families in mind

Here are the wagons from Chrysler Corporation for parents whose kids have a place in their hearts, but not in their hair. Rugged, roomy wagons built the new Unibody way that puts space in its place—inside not out. And because each family has different needs, there are 27 models to choose from.

You'll find wagons that seat 6 people, and wagons that seat 9 in square-shouldered comfort. You can get them with new 6-cylinder engines that squeeze full measure out of every eye-dropper of gas. Or powerful V-8's that move you from here to there in jig-time. There are two-door and four-door models, from the smart-thrifty Valiant to the luxurious Chrysler New Yorker Town and Country.

But there's one thing all these wagons have in common: They offer more parent-saving features than any other wagons on the road. Pick the wagon that suits your family's needs.



4 DODGE WAGONS (2 series, 4 models)



4 CHRYSLER WAGONS (2 series, 4 models)



You can lock all doors from the driver's seat. Great with kids.



Exclusive pushbutton driving controls are safely out of children's reach.



Hidden luggage compartment lets you lock valuables safely out of sight.



No clumsy two-piece tailgate. Rear window rolls down, can be controlled by driver.

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OF THE FIRST
TURNPIKE® TIRES

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PROUDLY PRESENTS

the big **T** **TURNPIKE®**
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**BUILT FOR THE TURNPIKE...TESTED AND PROVEN ON THE TURNPIKE...AND
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Special rubber compounds and a new tire construction technique make the BIG T the most practical tire buy in America today. Here's a tire built to provide turnpike safety as well as driving economy for city and rural road travel.

The BIG T is the result of continuous laboratory research and exhaustive road testing under all conditions. It represents the highest standard of tire quality at conventional tire price.

20 QUESTIONS FOR SURVIVAL

**A PENNSYLVANIA PUBLIC SERVICE
DESIGNED TO PROMOTE HIGHWAY SAFETY**

If you are about to purchase new tires, be Pennsylvania's guest and take a 3-minute quiz that may save your life. Results of the quiz will indicate your driving habits... your tire needs... and promote highway safety throughout America. See your Pennsylvania Tire dealer today!



SEE THE BIG T... AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TIRE ACHIEVEMENT



PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANSFIELD, OHIO

AST-17



Sturdy Victor insulators fulfill a double role in power transmission systems: they support the tremendous weight of the cables and they prevent electrical leakage. This eagle's-eye view was painted by artist Ned Seidler.

THEY MUST NOT FAIL... PEOPLE NEED POWER

From the minute these high voltage powerline insulators go into service, the forces of nature try to pull them down. Yet the people of power-hungry cities can be confident that their electricity will not be interrupted. Years ago, engineers of I-T-E's Victor Division learned the important secret of how to make these insulators strong: impurities must be kept out. Today, Victor insulators made of purified porcelain have the extra strength that helps them stand up under extreme stresses. They carry hundreds of pounds of cable weight easily, even under the whipping and the straining inflicted by wind and rain and ice. So cities coast to coast can be sure of dependable electric power. Other I-T-E electrical equipment

also serves to make electricity more useful and dependable ... in industry, commerce, institutions, homes and on farms. Better made for better performance, it costs no more. It's designed to appeal to everybody who wants top value for his electrical equipment dollar.

Divisions: Switchgear • Small Air Circuit Breaker • Transformer & Rectifier • Special Products • Greensburg • Bulldog Electric Products • Victor Insulators • Kelman Power Circuit Breaker Subsidiaries: The Chase-Shawmut Co. • Walker Electrical Co. • Wilson Electrical Equipment Co. • In Canada: Bulldog Electric Products Co. Ltd. • Eastern Power Devices Ltd. • Canadian Porcelain Co. Ltd. • Headquarters: Philadelphia, Pa.



I-T-E CIRCUIT BREAKER COMPANY



60 Dodge Matador 2 door. Four-door Dodge Dart, and many other models are available.

Big, Luxurious, Built to Command!

The new '60 Dodge is a nobly proportioned car with an almost unlimited capacity for performance.

From the very first moment you take the wheel, you will experience the *new solid feel* of Unibody construction. Body and frame are united in a one-piece "fortress of steel" . . . far stronger, more silent, more secure.

You will discover the soaring response of the D-500 Ram

Induction V-8*, with ram-supercharged passing power.

You will find out how Torsion-Aire Ride teams with Unibody for new road stability.

All this is waiting for you in an eager car that combines dignity with imagination in design. Take a "Command Performance" Drive in a '60 Dodge *soon!*

DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

 '60 DODGE MATADOR POLARA

NOW DODGE BUILDS TWO GREAT CARS—LUXURIOUS '60 DODGE—LOW PRICED DODGE DART



THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

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James A. Liner

Roy Alexander, 61, managing editor of TIME since December 1949—the longest period anyone has served in that post—becomes editor. Said Editor-in-Chief Luce: "The post of editor, which I held from 1923 to 1949, is revived in order that TIME may have the benefit of a senior executive able and qualified to develop long-range plans for progress and development."

Succeeding Alexander as managing editor is Otto Fuerbringer, 49, a member of *TIME*'s editorial staff since 1942 and assistant managing editor since 1951. "As managing editor," said Luce, "Otto Fuerbringer succeeds to the post most highly esteemed in *TIME* tradition."

The new assistant managing editor is Thomas Griffith, 44, who joined the staff in 1943, became a senior editor in 1946, and for the past eight years has been Foreign News editor.

Besides being old hands at TIME, all three of the top team are former newspapermen. Roy Alexander, a graduate of St. Louis University ('18), was assistant city editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* before he joined TIME in 1939. Harvardman ('32), president of the *Crimson* Otto Fuerbringer, a native St. Louisan, was a reporter, political writer and art columnist on the *Post-Dispatch* before he came to TIME in 1942. Tom Griffith, a graduate of the University of Washington ('36) and Harvard Nieman Fellow, was on the staff of the Seattle *Times* for six years as a reporter and assistant city editor, and also a TIME "stringer" before he joined the staff in 1943.

When Roy Alexander became managing editor in 1949, TIME had a circulation of 1,800,000; now it has just passed the 3,000,000 mark. The new team, said Editor-in-Chief Luce, "takes over at a time when TIME is in fine form. With them in their new posts, we may hope and expect that TIME will do even better."



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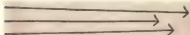
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*FORWARD-LOOKING BUSINESS
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MEMBER F. D. I. C.



The high frequency radio waves that carry telephone and television signals travel in straight lines and refuse to follow the earth's curvature. To overcome this, it may well be practical and economical to send them over long distances by using earth satellites as relay points.

Telephone Calls and TV Shows by Way of Outer Space?



Under construction in foreground is a new antenna which Bell Telephone scientists hope will receive signals reflected from earth satellites during forthcoming tests. Background: a Project Echo transmitting antenna.

Maybe some day you'll get phone calls from Brisbane or Bombay—live TV from Caracas or Copenhagen—via satellites!

Over the years imaginative research has vastly improved your Bell Telephone service.

Now Bell scientists are looking ahead to an extraordinary possibility, until recently only dreamed of: the sending of telephone calls and TV across oceans via earth satellites.

To explore this idea, Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists are presently working hard on the communication phase of Project Echo. This experiment, sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, seeks to reflect radio

and voice signals across the U. S. by means of a 100-foot satellite.

Recently these scientists relayed a human voice from New Jersey to California via one familiar satellite, the moon, and also sent a signal several hundred miles by means of an aluminized balloon.

Many features of the telephone service we take for granted today once sounded as improbable as this. But working always on the frontier of science is one of the ways we make that service more convenient, economical and enjoyable for you.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Last Lap

Barred by the 22nd Amendment from a third term, Dwight Eisenhower is keenly mindful that, whatever pleasant or unpleasant surprises may lie ahead of him in 1960, one element of the future is certain: in January 1961, another man will be inaugurated as President of the U.S. That certainty was much on the President's mind last week. Said he, in a brief speech to an Advertising Council meeting in Washington, a yearly rite: "I find now, as some eight years ago I was doing things for the first time, I am doing them now for the final time. As President, I will not again have the privilege of greeting you."

Just Two Chairs. With only ten months of his presidency remaining, Ike maintains ever closer contact with Vice President Richard Nixon, is increasingly concerned with preparing him to take over if he wins in November. But only last week did the President depart from his self-imposed decision to refrain from endorsing any G.O.P. presidential hopeful in advance of the nominating convention.

As every President must each year, Ike attended the Gridiron Club's white-tie dinner. The affair is private, and newsmen who attend are supposed to keep mum about what they see and hear, but next day the word was all over Washington. Ike had offhandedly endorsed Richard Nixon for President. Noting that next year a new President would be occupying his place, the story went, Ike said it would save a lot of bother just to move the distance of two chairs. Sitting two chairs away, his face a well-controlled mask: Vice President Nixon.

Inevitably, newsmen asked the President about the Gridiron Club plug at his midweek press conference. Said Ike: "If anyone is wondering whether I have any personal preference or even bias with respect to this upcoming presidential race, the answer is yes, very definitely." As if that was not clear enough to all present, another newsmen asked later on if the President had meant Vice President Nixon. Retorted Ike: "Was there any doubt in your mind?"

Just Two Proposals. Running the last lap of his presidency, Dwight Eisenhower is remarkably robust for a man of 69 who has outlived a heart attack, ileitis and a stroke, and his buoyancy continues



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON & PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

"The answer is yes, very definitely."

to amaze his staff. But he has no notions about capping his presidency with any radical new programs. He is preoccupied with foreign relations—the currents of international communication set in motion by his trips abroad. Charles de Gaulle's visit in April, the summit meeting in May, his trip to the U.S.S.R. in June, and the renewed disarmament negotiations that began last week in Geneva (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). On the home front, Ike last week sent two items of legislation to Congress. They were probably the last major proposals of his presidency. Urged Ike:

¶ Amend the Sugar Act so as to give the President discretionary authority to alter the import quotas assigned to foreign sugar-producing countries—a measure that the President might find useful in dealing with Castro's Cuba (*see BUSINESS*).

¶ Amend U.S. immigration laws so as to 1) double the overall limit of immigration from quota countries, from the present level of 154,000 a year to 308,000 a year, and 2) base national quotas on the relative numbers that immigrated into the U.S. from various countries over the past 35 years rather than on the makeup of

the U.S. population in 1920. The amendments would greatly increase immigration from Asia, Africa and Southern Europe (Japan's quota would rise from 135 to 1,850, Italy's from 5,666 to 19,945, etc.).

As the end of Dwight Eisenhower's presidency draws near, Washington increasingly speculates about how it will feel to him to leave the White House for the comparative obscurity of private life. No man can surrender the pomp and power of the presidency without a sense of loss, but the President's aides are convinced that, on balance, he will welcome his freedom. "He's delighted that there's a 22nd Amendment," says one presidential confidant. "He thinks eight years is enough."

AGRICULTURE

Flies in the Barn

Scanning the somber men seated in front of him in a Capitol Hill hearing room last week, House Agriculture Committee Chairman Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina said that the committee "has never had so many distinguished witnesses before it at any one time." Seated

shoulder to shoulder at the witness table were seven U.S. state Governors, all Democrats, gathered in Washington to protest the plight of farmers under the impact of a price decline that shrank agricultural income by 16% last year.

One by one, the Governors of Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Colorado read off statements abounding in such jolt words as "desperation" and "depression." Said Iowa's Herschel C. Loveless, leader of the Governors' march on Washington: Farm income dropped 29% below the 1958 level in Iowa last year, and "the farm income slump threatens the health of our entire economy." Said Colorado's Stephen McNichols: The state's "farm economy has been slipping more each

vently hoped for. Barring something about as probable as a midsummer frost in the Midwest, the U.S. faces another corn glut this year.

Another Program. Hardly anybody any longer puts any stock in Benson's assurances that success for his programs is just around the corner. As campaigning warms up, many a G.O.P. congressional candidate in the Midwest is expected to do what Iowa's Republican Congressman Ben Jensen has already done: repudiate Benson outright. Vice President Nixon is working on his own goodbye-Benson farm program, to be unwrapped soon after the G.O.P. nominating convention.

In working out his farm program, Nixon—or any other presidential hopeful—faces a formidable task. Appeals for a new farm

POLITICS

Be Prepared

Though he has declared that he will not become an active candidate for his party's presidential nomination, Illinois' onetime (1949-53) Democratic Governor Adlai Stevenson, 60, believes in being prepared. Last week, with Stevenson still away on a tour of Latin America, his friends at home made known that he had enlisted as a fulltime speechwriter a long-time friend: William Attwood, 40, who took a nine-month leave from his job as foreign editor of *Look* Magazine. Attwood's assignment (for which he will be paid his regular *Look* salary by a group of Stevenson fans): to author a series of speeches on U.S. high policy, which Adlai



Francis Miller—Life
SECRETARY BENSON

year toward insolvency." Said Minnesota's Orville L. Freeman: "The continued disastrous decline in farm income must be halted and reversed."

Another Increase. Embattled Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson dismissed the Governors' invasion of Washington as "purely political." Pounding his desk, Benson insisted that his programs were "making headway," that he was "more optimistic than I have been in some time." But the 1960 crop estimates just released by the Secretary's own Agriculture Department provided scant basis for such optimism.

Last year Benson went onto a new corn program that abolished all production controls on corn in return for a modest reduction in the support price. Benson hoped that the lower support price would lead to a smaller crop; instead, farmers increased their corn acreage by a whopping 15%, harvested the biggest, most glutting corn crop in U.S. history. And by last week's new estimates showed a slight increase in 1960 corn acreage rather than the decrease that Benson had fer-



DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS IN WASHINGTON

Out of it all came another glut: talk.

program are as plentiful in Election Year 1960 as flies in a cow barn, but no politician in either party has come forward with a really convincing program for cleaning up the mess.

Another Web. The seven Democratic Governors on Capitol Hill could offer nothing better than half-hearted endorsement of a farm bill sponsored by Texas' Democratic Representative W. R. Poage, which would substitute an entangling web of marketing controls for the present system of price supports and production controls. Charges the American Farm Bureau Federation's President Charles B. Shuman: The Poage bill would bring "a degree of control over individual operations far exceeding anything we have thus far experienced."

But difficult as it is to devise an adequate farm program, the 1960 aspirants to the presidency must give it a wholehearted try. If the seven Governors contributed nothing to a solution of the farm mess, they at least underlined the point that it ranks as one of the biggest domestic issues of 1960.

Stevenson will deliver mostly to university audiences. With such rhetoric on record, Stevenson will be well prepared, if more active Democratic candidates kill off one another, to accept the party call for the third consecutive time.

Plenty of Jack

As most voters know, the Kennedys of Massachusetts think highly of Jack. Last week in Wisconsin, Democratic Presidential Hopeful Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota whisked about the countryside to make sure that not a voter forgot it—especially on primary day, April 5. "I cannot win by competing in glamour or in public relations," cried Humphrey, who knew very well that the polls put him behind Senator Jack Kennedy. "The Kennedy forces are waging a psychological blitz that I cannot match. I'm not the candidate of the fat cats..." Hum-

Seated: Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson; Freeman; Chairman Cooley; Loveless. Standing: Michigan's G. Mennen Williams; South Dakota's Ralph Herseth; McNichols; Missouri's James Blair Jr.

phrey followers bitterly accused Millionaire Kennedy of trying to buy the Wisconsin primary.

In Wisconsin, the game grew rougher than ever. Humphrey sarcastically charged his "illustrious opponent" with the gravest Democratic sins—being "soft on Nixon" and hard for the policies of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson. The Wisconsin farmers in the audience cheered. In the closely contested Third District, where Humphrey was stumping, screwball anti-Catholic pamphlets showed up in the mails, ominously postmarked Hutchinson, Minn. (Humphrey's home state). Humphrey charged that it was a reverse plot to swing votes away from him by suggesting that his backers were bigoted.

As for Candidate Kennedy, he also had his uneasy moments. Invading the Minnesota-bordering, Humphrey-leaning, predominantly Protestant Tenth District, Kennedy glad-handed through towns that were called Mellen and Glidden. Park Falls and Montreal. Barreling along at 90 m.p.h. on the outskirts of Ladysmith, the Kennedy motorcade slowed down as it got near a group of cheering nuns and postulants, chilled from waiting at the roadside. Kennedy ordered a halt, hopped out of his car. One postulant wished him a happy St. Patrick's Day, pinned a green ribbon on his lapel. But Kennedy looked uncomfortable when photographers' bulbs popped. Later, when visiting the nearby convent, Kennedy barred photos. "I think not," he said, raising his hand. Back in the car, Kennedy explained that pictures are not allowed in some convents, tore off all but the slightest fragment of the green ribbon. "After all," he explained, "we're not in Boston now."

Tough Testing Ground

In the presidential year of 1960, backpipe-shaped West Virginia (pop. 1,076,000) is a political enigma. Through the generations between the Civil War (when West Virginia was amputated from Virginia) and the great Depression, the mountainous state was usually a Republican fastness. After 1928 it was Democratic—until 1956, when thousands of registered Democrats switched allegiance, and Dwight Eisenhower carried West Virginia back into Republican ranks. How West Virginia will vote at any given time is anybody's guess, and it is in that battleground state that Democratic Candidates Hubert Humphrey and John F. Kennedy have entered into a primary fight that might yet make the Hatfields and McCoy's sit up and take notice.

At a glance, West Virginia hardly seems worth the effort or the risk of a major primary campaign. Its voice in the national convention (25 votes) is small, and its May 10 primary is no more than a popularity contest (the delegates are not bound to support the winning candidate). Yet West Virginia's peculiarities provide a fascinating testing ground.

Persuasive Poll. The supporters of Humphrey see West Virginia as their big chance, because a large portion of the state lies within the Southern Bible Belt,



CANDIDATE HUMPHREY
Ready to sell the Capitol?

with an electorate composed mainly of mountaineer Protestants likely to be wary of a Roman Catholic candidate. Catholic Kennedy minimizes religion as a political issue, and to prove his point, he produced a private poll last week, taken in West Virginia last January, which showed him ahead of Humphrey by 70% to 30%.

Actually, if religion is to become a key issue, it will probably be in West Virginia's two southernmost election districts (most of the state's 95,000 Catholics live in the four central and northern districts). "We don't expect the Bible Belt preachers to hold meetings and pledge their congregations against Kennedy as they did to Al Smith," said a politician last week, "and we don't expect crosses to be burned

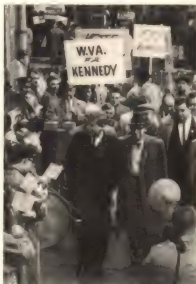
in the hinterland, but the preachers will be talking and so will their congregations." Humphrey's backers have already made a less-than-subtle move with a campaign song, *I'm Gonna Vote for Hubert Humphrey*, which, the instruction sheet notes, is sung to the tune of the spiritual, *Give Me That Old Time Religion*.

But religion is by no means the only—or biggest—issue in West Virginia. Most voters are more deeply concerned over economic matters. The state has never really recovered from the Depression, ranks as one of the least privileged members of the Union. Each year upward of 10,000 West Virginians migrate to other states in search of a better life; 70,000 men are unemployed, and the relief rolls are so distended that only authentic "unemployables" are eligible for public assistance. The chronically depressed coal mines have cut their payrolls from 125,000 men to 50,000 in little more than a decade. The welfare statism of the New Deal still carries a lot of magic in the mountain glens. Yet the voters also retain a back-country suspicion of foreign entanglements, and Kennedy and Humphrey, both liberals and internationalists, must walk a fine line as they campaign there.

Navy Credentials. In the mystique of West Virginia politics, liberalism can sometimes be too much of a good thing, and Humphrey's all-out liberal record may prove to be a handicap. "He's so liberal he'd sell the Capitol," commented a West Virginia Democrat last week. To push his own campaign along, Kennedy plans to use a special ploy: he is a certified war hero—an important credential in a state where American Legion and V.F.W. halls are important social-gathering centers. Before the campaign's end, Kennedy hopes to have his picture, in Navy uniform with ribbons, displayed in every V.F.W. and American Legion clubhouse and office in West Virginia.

Both candidates plan invasions of West Virginia as soon as the Battle of Wisconsin is over. Humphrey will wage an intensive 13-day campaign; Kennedy will bring along his sisters, brothers, mother, wife, and possibly some in-laws to help out. The Kennedy organization is already setting up clubs in each of the state's 55 counties. Last week Kennedy made a flying trip to West Virginia (his seventh in 18 months) to open his Charleston command post, shake a few hundred hands, and eat lunch with 50 stony-faced labor leaders (both the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the United Mine Workers have proclaimed their neutrality in the impending primary) before huzzing back to the Wisconsin front lines.

Behind him, he left Larry O'Brien and Ralph Dungan, two of the ablest members of his Washington staff, to work on the unionists. A few blocks away, in a single room with bath at the Daniel Boone Hotel, Humphrey's lone advance man, Rein Vander Zee, was busily plotting strategy. From all the signs, West Virginia, scene of classic feuds and four major battles of the Civil War, is about to become a dark and bloody ground once more.



Front Wins—Charleston Gazette
CANDIDATE KENNEDY
Trying to buy the nomination?

DEMOCRATS

Wagging Away

One of the main troubles with Democratic National Committee Chairman Paul Butler is that every time he opens his mouth he waggles his tongue, and every time he waggles his tongue he fans up a sirocco. Last week he did it again: in Washington, Butler invited a group of top reporters to a private dinner and began wagging. Items:

¶ Massachusetts' John Kennedy, Butler made clear, is his Democratic presidential candidate. If Kennedy wins in the Wisconsin primary, Butler predicted, he should cop the nomination. But if he arrives in



Associated Press

PAUL BUTLER
Tripped by the tongue.

Los Angeles with as many as 500 delegates in his pocket and still falls short of the big prize, most Catholics will regard it as "an anti-Catholic maneuver," with dire consequences in the general election.

¶ Should Kennedy fail, Butler believes that Missouri's Stuart Symington or—maybe—Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey could beat Richard Nixon next November. Texas' Lyndon Johnson "doesn't want to win as badly as many Democrats." In a convention crisis, Butler hinted, Johnson might throw his support to the least-promising candidate, in order to lose the election and enhance his own position as Senate leader in a Nixon Administration.

¶ Butler would be "awful unhappy" if the convention selected either Johnson or Adlai Stevenson. Trembling with emotion, he raked over his grudge against Stevenson who, he claims, doublecrossed him in 1956, after promising that Butler not only would remain as national chairman but would be active manager of Stevenson's presidential campaign. He was able to stay on as a mere figurehead, says Butler, only because House Speaker Sam Rayburn "forced" Stevenson to retain him.

¶ Butler promised that he will relentlessly press the issue of civil rights and party regularity. Soon, he will announce the appointment of Eleanor Roosevelt as chair-

man of a new group to draft some stiff civil rights platform proposals. The chances are "very strong" that he will send forth "task forces" of lawyers to investigate and recommend reprisals against the seven skittish Southern states which have indicated they may revolt rather than swallow a too-bitter civil rights pill.

Day after the dinner, Butler's words were thickly spread over the nation's press, attributed to an anonymous "high Democratic source." The source was soon revealed and moans of anguish and anger rose from Democratic leaders. Hubert Humphrey demanded that Butler quit his job. "Unfortunate," grumbled Sam Rayburn. "Very unfortunate," echoed Harry Truman. But the prospect was that Paul Butler would remain at his post until after the Democratic Convention in July. Then he will leave, unmourned by Democrats.

THE LAW

Back on the Job

"Hulan Jack is not cleared," proclaimed the New York Times, and with rare editorial unanimity New York's newspapers last week agreed in lambasting the return of Tammany Hall's Hulan Jack to his job as Manhattan Borough president—from which he had suspended himself two months before. Of Manhattan Borough's 1,500,000 resident citizens, the only people who seemed happy were Jack himself and a clutch of political underlings who greeted him in his office with spring blossoms, cheers and a big sign: WELCOME BACK, MR. PRESIDENT. Said Hulan Jack: "I'm just bubbling over with happiness."

Last December Jack denied that Sidney J. Ungar, a well-heeled real-estate operator, had paid a \$4,400 bill for lavish remodeling of his Harlem apartment—at a time when Ungar was actively seeking a city contract for a \$30 million slum-clearance project. Jack at first claimed that his wife had paid the bill out of her housekeeping allowance. Later he told District Attorney Frank Hogan that he had lied, confessed that Ungar had "loaned" him the money without collateral. Charged by a grand jury with violations of the city charter and with conspiracy to conceal the violations, Jack prudently suspended himself from office, the highest elective position in the U.S. held by a Negro, until "such time as a final determination of my case is made" (TIME, Jan. 25).

But what brought Jack back was a far cry from a final determination. The indictment against him was dismissed on technical grounds by Judge Gerald Patrick Culkin, a second-generation Tammany wheelhorse. The indictment, ruled Judge Culkin, was defective because, under New York law, the conspiracy charge should have been separated from the charter violation charges; moreover, the indictment did not specifically state that Jack was aware of Ungar's business with the city when he accepted the "loan."

Visibly angered, District Attorney Hogan immediately asked the Appellate Court to reverse the decision. Jack's lawyer, Carson Baker, hinted darkly that Ho-

gan was pursuing the case "because Mr. Jack . . . is black." The suggestion was too much for even the professionally liberal, race-sensitive New York Post. "We venture to guess," said a bleak Post editorial, "that a white Tammany borough president would almost surely have been the subject of a state removal hearing by now if he had admitted as much as Jack. The unhappy fact is that there is an undercurrent of racism in reverse . . ." In the midst of a rising demand that he suspend Jack and start permanent removal proceedings, Governor Nelson Rockefeller decided to wait until after Hulan Jack has his day in the Appellate Court on April 14. Until then, the most valuable hunk of



UPI

HULAN JACK
Saved by the skin.

real estate in the world will remain under the presidency of a man who, in the words of the New York Times, has demonstrated a strange "insensitivity to public opinion and the proprieties."

THE SOUTH

Freeze & Thaw

The young Negro's rebellion against segregation continued to spread last week, touching off a great swell of mass arrests in the South. Items:

¶ In Orangeburg, S.C., 1,000 students left two Negro college campuses and marched silently in files of two toward downtown drug and variety stores, bent on sit-ins at segregated lunch counters. Town, county and state police, backed by three fire-department pumper trucks, blocked the marchers. "Let the leaders come forward," ordered police. Replied the students, surging on: "We are all leaders." Fire hoses and tear gas scattered the Negroes, threw them into choking confusion. Police arrested 350 students, marched them to a makeshift stockade behind the wire fence of the Orangeburg County jail's parking lot. At week's end they were being tried in relays of 15 for breach of the peace before a jury of five whites and one Negro.

¶ Moving with planned precision, 200 Negro students from six Atlanta colleges staged Georgia's first mass sit-in by appearing simultaneously at ten segregated lunch counters in a variety store, rail and bus terminals, city hall, the state capitol, the county courthouse, and two federal office buildings. Arrested under Georgia's new anti-trespassing law were 77 Negroes.

¶ In Memphis' first sit-ins, Negroes hit a lunch counter one day, next day moved on to the segregated public libraries. Thirty-six students and five Negro newspapermen were hauled from two libraries, arrested for threatening breach of the peace, disorderly conduct and loitering.

¶ In Rock Hill, S.C., Negro students picketed a drugstore, town hall and two bus terminals. Arrested: 70.

But even as the civil rights impasse seemed to be freezing hard, there were signs of thaw on Southern fringes. In San Antonio, a Negro girl sipped a Coke at a lunch counter previously reserved for whites only. "I feel funny," she said, "but it's nice of them to serve us." San Antonio (pop. 575,000) had responded to appeals from its Negro population (9%) for lunch-counter equality after several meetings of white and Negro clergymen, businessmen and store managers. Opened to Negroes without incident were lunch counters in seven variety and 23 drugstores. Also, six Negro students from Fisk University were served at Nashville's Greyhound bus terminal restaurant where, only two weeks before, 56 students had been arrested for refusing to leave while police searched for a reported bomb.

LABOR

Heads on Their Shoulders

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming: "Off with her head! Off—!" "Nonsense!" said Alice, very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

—Alice in Wonderland

Like Lewis Carroll's splenetic Queen of Hearts, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters' President James Riddle Hoffa is addicted to off-with-their-heads attacks on his enemies, who are legion. But as happened with the Queen, the intended victims still seem to keep their heads on their shoulders.

Last week, fresh from a flop series of speeches in Wisconsin, where he tried to lay away at the neck of one of his bitterest foes, Democratic Presidential hopeful Jack Kennedy, Jimmy Hoffa, as outwardly confident as the driver of a 14-wheel rig, swaggered into Manhattan's Madison Square Garden (capacity: 18,000) for a rally billed as dramatic evidence of Teamster solidarity. Again he whaled away at Kennedy ("the handsome young man who never knew what it was to work with his hands"), as well as at Arkansas' Teamster-investigating Democratic Senator John McClellan, the Landrum-Griffin bill, radio, TV, the press, etc. But the meeting was a dud: of the 150,000 Teamsters in

the New York area, only 10,000 showed up. "Frankly," explained a Hoffa aide, "it was a disappointing turnout, but we didn't want to put on the muscle."

Hoffa's head-hunting—along with its failure—was dramatically demonstrated in another way last week. Uncovered by the New York *Herald Tribune's* Reporter Earl Mazo was a Hoffa political purge list, containing the names of 87 Senators and Representatives running for 1960 reelection. Sent several months ago to Teamster leaders around the country, it cited four Democratic Senators (McClellan, Mississippi's James Eastland, West Virginia's Jennings Randolph and Tennessee's Estes Kefauver) and five Republi-



Dowling—© 1960, New York Herald Tribune Inc.
THE NEWS LEAKS OUT

cans (South Dakota's Karl Mundt, Idaho's Henry Dworshak, Colorado's Gordon Allott, Nebraska's Carl Curtis and Kansas' Andrew Schoeppel). Although Hoffa professes to be an all-out civil rights integrationist, he urged support for Arkansas Supreme Court Justice Jim Johnson ("a professional segregationist, but pro-labor") against McClellan and for Tennessee Segregationist Judge Andrew ("Tip") Taylor against Kefauver.

Hoffa's House heads included such liberal Democrats as Oregon's Edith Green (her sins: being Kennedy's Oregon campaign manager and her "ugly" role on the House Labor Committee), Missouri's Richard Bolling ("bad actor"), Michigan's James O'Hara ("bad actor"), and Indiana's John Brademas ("bad actor").

Again, the results were hardly what Jimmy Hoffa could have hoped for. Campaigning hard in Wisconsin, Democratic Presidential hopeful Hubert Humphrey unhappily and often observed that he had every bit as much right to rate Hoffa's enmity as Jack Kennedy. And many an unlisted Senator and Representative felt downright injured at being left off Hoffa's purge sheet. For it was clear and becoming clearer that having Jimmy Hoffa and his hoodlum henchmen going after a politician's head could be a pretty good way for that politician to stay in office.

DISASTERS

"Why This Failure . . ."

South-eastward at 18,000 ft. over southern Indiana one afternoon last week bored a Northwest Airlines prop-jet Lockheed Electra bearing passengers from snowy Minneapolis and Chicago to Miami. At about 3 o'clock, Pilot Ed Laparlie, 57, checked on the radio with Indianapolis Control Center, signed off with an all's well. Fifteen minutes later, a farmer in the Ohio River town of Tell City, Ind. heard "popping sounds, like shotgun shells or a little louder." Looking up, he saw the Electra break in two pieces, the right wing looping off in one direction, the rest of the plane plunging toward a soybean field. As the plane smashed into the ground, another explosion ripped it apart, flinging debris and pieces of bodies for hundreds of yards in all directions. In those few moments, all aboard Northwest Airlines Flight 710—57 passengers and six crew members—were killed. The disaster brought 1960's U.S. airlines death toll to 147.

Similarities. The plane and its final explosion blew out a smoldering crater 50 ft. wide and 25 ft. deep. Civil Aeronautics Board crash specialists found empty, neatly laced shoes, a stray airmail letter, a bloodstained blouse, a prayer book lying open at the Litany of the Saints ("Lord have mercy on us . . ."). On the branches of nearby trees were towels and shirts, a child's sunsuit, some underwear—all hanging lifelessly amid the grey, acrid smoke that curled up from the crater for hours afterward.

As investigators and 200 National Guard troops plowed through the area to collect bits and pieces of the wreckage, they were aware of the possibility that the cause of the crash might never be discovered. There were some similarities to the still unsolved crash of another Electra last September, in which a Braniff plane went to pieces in the air over Buffalo, Texas. In both the Tell City and Buffalo crashes, severe air turbulence had been reported by the airmen aloft in the vicinity. And although Electras have generally performed well, instances of metal fatigue have been reported; Lockheed Aircraft Corp. some time ago recommended mandatory inspection for cracks.

Theory. The possibility that the Tell City crash was caused by air turbulence and metal fatigue was a likely starting theory, but so was another one—that of another bomb explosion like the one that brought down a National Airlines DC-6B in North Carolina ten weeks ago (TIME, Jan. 18). Said CAB Safety Investigation Chief Philip Goldstein at week's end: "The structure was subjected to forces greater than it was designed for. We have definite evidence of a wing failure. Why this wing failure, I don't know."

Federal Aviation Agency Chief Elwood Quesada seemed hardly more certain as to the cause of the crash. But the circumstances more than justified him in his weekend action of ordering speed limits for the Electra.



LAST PHOTO OF MRS. LINDQUIST & MRS. MURPHY



MRS. OETTING



Associated Press

DEATH SCENE IN THE CANYON

CRIME Murder in Starved Rock

Between the Vermilion and Illinois rivers, 100 miles southwest of Chicago, is the glacier-born wilderness of caves, forests and canyons called Starved Rock State Park. There, according to Indian legend, a band of Illinois was besieged by an enemy tribe. Driven to the highest cliffs, they fought bravely until the last starved Illinois perished. There too, last week, along the snow-carpeted trails that weave into the panorama of canyons and frozen waterfalls, wandered three vacationing women. And there they died at the hands of a killer or killers who raped two of them and savagely bludgeoned the faces of all three until they were unrecognizable.

The women were middle-aged friends who had driven to the rustic Starved Rock Lodge on the same day they disappeared. They were respected matrons in the upper-middle-class Chicago suburb of Riverside. Frances ("Frankie") Murphy, 47, wife of a vice president and general counsel of the Borg-Warner Corp., had four children, and, like her two friends, was a dedicated community leader and an active member of Riverside's Presbyterian Church. Mildred Lindquist, 50, wife of a vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, had two children. Lillian Oetting, co. wife of an Illinois Bell Telephone Co. official, had three children.

A Beautiful Afternoon. The three-day vacation trip was a special outing, particularly for Lillian Oetting, who had spent long days and nights nursing her heart-patient husband through a tough recuperation period. With her husband well on the mend, she got into Frankie Murphy's Ford station wagon and set out with her friends for Starved Rock. They were prepared for a tranquil time: Mildred Lindquist brought her copy of *A Field Guide to the Birds*; Lillian Oetting took a novel, *The Lincoln Lords*; they had their knitting, a pair of binoculars and a 35-mm. camera.

After they checked in at the lodge and

had lunch, the three friends went out for a hike. Janitor Emil Boehn was carrying wood into the lodge as they left. "It's a beautiful afternoon for a hike," said one of the women. "Yes, ma'am," replied Boehn. The women walked to a slippery, narrow canyon trail, wound their way past ravines with 20-ft. drops, came to the dead end of a canyon whose walls rise 80 ft. on three sides, framing a frozen waterfall. They were about a mile from the lodge.

A Bloodied Log. Lillian Oetting had promised to telephone her husband that night. When she failed to call, George Oetting tried to reach her. Nobody at the lodge seemed to question the fact that the women's beds had not been occupied. "Sometimes," says a waitress, "women get together in another room and play bridge and talk all night." Next day Oetting again tried vainly to call his wife. Then he called the police.

It was another day before a search party found the bodies, lying side by side in a cave in the canyon. Twine had been tied on the wrists of two of the women. The binoculars were broken, the camera dented. A four-inch snowfall had obliterated any trace of tracks. Nearby was a bloodied, yardlong log, about four inches thick.

While investigators began checking up on known sex offenders in the Starved Rock area, others brought heavy tanks of liquid petroleum gas into the canyon and slowly began burning away the top layer of snow. A piece of tin foil—perhaps from the fresh roll of film in the camera—turned up; the melting snow ran off to reveal blood stains. A policeman with a broom lightly swept snow from the spot in an attempt to unearth footprints. He found none. Police squads began checking reports about an auto that had been seen at the head of the trail. The film in the camera revealed only smiling photos of Frankie Murphy and Mildred Lindquist, taken by Lillian Oetting (see cut).

At week's end police admitted that they were still far from solving the grisly crime. "It's got to be somebody from

Chicago followed them down here," said a Starved Rock employee. "We don't have no people like that around here." But the police were not sure about that either.

ARMED FORCES Stepchild's Dilemma

A key command of the U.S. Air Force last week began flying through its biggest peacetime maneuver to show that in wartime its men could perform well—even if its old machines might not. The command: the Military Air Transport Service, whose primary military assignment is to move soldiers and supplies to distant battlefields and trouble spots. Because MATS does not fire missiles or drop bombs, and because its main chore is to move and service ground forces, it has become a sort of stepchild, limps along on a small fraction of the Air Force's \$18 billion budget.

To test its ability to go over to a war tempo, and to convince Congress that it needs modernization, MATS mounted a 14-day, \$10.6 million "Operation Big Slam." Into Puerto Rico's sun-soaked Ramey Air Force Base and Roosevelt Roads Naval Station, from 14 fields as far off as Hickam in Honolulu (6,000 miles), some 250 MATS planes began lifting 20-530 troops and 11,150 tons of gear. Last week Ramey roared with a take-off or landing every 3½ minutes (Berlin airlift average: one every three minutes). Up to 101 planes were in the air at a time, but not more than eight to ten transports rested on Ramey's tarmac because of the speed with which Army men (supervised by veteran MATS loadmasters) loaded and unloaded. In case of war, the MATS fleet would probably require two weeks to airlift one fully equipped division to a distant point.

Civil Sniping. No one is more acutely aware of MATS' problems than MATS' boss, Lieut. General William H. Tunner.

53, who commanded the historic airlifts over the Hump in World War II and to Berlin and Korea. Most of Tunner's 483 planes are obsolescent relics of the propeller age. The bulk of them—201 cargo-carrying C-124 Globemasters and 163 troop-lifting C-119s and C-121 Super Constellations—are seven to twelve years old, are so short-ranged that they rely on vulnerable island refueling stops on long hops. If Wake Island, Kwajalein and Eniwetok were atomized, MATS would be hard put to deliver as much as a can of Spam to Japan. The only long-legged, modern transport in Tunner's stable is the turboprop C-133 Carzmaster, of which MATS counts a mere 20, with another 20 on order.

What Bill Tunner wants is a fleet of swing-tailed jet aircraft that could lift fighting troops or 20 tons of freight non-stop over 4,000 miles. With a new type of big turboprop cargo plane that MATS wants to develop, Tunner says he could haul for 4¢ to 5¢ per ton-mile what now costs 2½¢ on the C-124 Globemasters. But MATS is in the sniping sights of the civil airlines, which last year got \$85 million worth of business from MATS. (The total military business with the airlines last year, including movements of military people under travel orders, came to a handsome \$235 million.) The lines are out to get even more of the Government's air-transport business. Congress has long sided with the airlines, ignored the steady decline of MATS; e.g., last year the House gunned down a MATS request for ten DC-8 jets costing \$66 million.

Signs of Alarm. Only recently has Congress shown signs of concern. The House has appointed a special subcommittee to investigate the low state of MATS. Last week, noting that Bill Tunner was calling for a modernization budget of \$250 million per year for the next eight years, the subcommittee passed a motion to press for the funds. It seemed none too soon.



Robert Lockenbach
MATS' GENERAL TUNNER
The time is ripe.

ARKANSAS

The Chief

In 1959, two years after federal troops were sent into Little Rock to quell rioters, another racist mob marched down Little Rock's 14th Street bent on creating new troubles for tempest-tossed school authorities and the Negro children who were again trying to enter Central High School. This riot never came off, and one of the main reasons was the presence of a big (6 ft. 2½ in., 213 lbs.) cop named Eugene Smith (TIME, Aug. 24). Police Chief Smith and his squads were ready for the mob leaders, picked them out one by one and sent them off to jail in paddy wagons. Amid cries of "Nigger lover!" and "Coward!" Gene Smith, who never bothered about philosophizing on segregation issues but merely prided himself on being a tough law-enforcement man, handled the explosive situation calmly, finally stopped the mobs with fire hoses. Many people never forgave Smith for his stand.

Gene Smith had more important problems than the loss of friends over a public issue: he had family problems. Only last week, his 20-year-old son Raymond, a student at Harding College, pleaded guilty to a burglary charge, got off with a \$250 fine and a two-year suspended sentence. And only a few close friends knew that Smith and his wife had been quarreling for a long time (though nobody seemed to know quite why).

Last week, a day after his son was released by the court, Gene Smith and his wife were found dead in their home. Between their bodies was a .357-cal. Magnum. Smith's friends from headquarters said he had killed his wife, then himself.

KENTUCKY

New Track

The Commonwealth of Kentucky, though it ranks among the states lowest in income and industry, employment and education, has long stood at the very top in the successful use of its political patronage system. To build up the power of incumbent Democratic administrations, Kentucky's 23,000 state employees for years were required to "contribute" 2% of their salaries to campaign war chests. Under loudmouthed Governor (1935-39 and 1955-59) Albert ("Happy") Chandler, eight \$7,200-a-year highway commissioners traveled Kentucky's highways and by-ways dispensing jobs and rounding up votes; so many weed cutters were hired by the highway department around election time that Kentuckians ruefully calculated the number at two cutters for each weed.

But these days Kentuckians have reason to hope that a new day has dawned. The reason: a remarkable performance during his first months in office by Governor Bert Thomas Combs, 48.

Making a Point. Bert Combs, a country lawyer from Prestonsburg (pop. 3,585) with a way-down-yonder drawl, was elected last year over a handpicked Chandler candidate. A shy, retiring sort of man, he



Louisville Courier-Journal
GOVERNOR COMBS
The sun shines bright.

seemed likely to be overshadowed by 1) powerful former U.S. Senator Earle C. Clements, who had backed Combs against the rival Chandler faction, and 2) smart, persuasive Lieutenant Governor Wilson Wyatt, onetime (1941-45) mayor of Louisville and U.S. housing expediter in 1946 under Truman. But from the beginning, Combs worked smoothly with Wyatt, and he quickly let Clements know who was boss. At his first cabinet meeting, Combs listened politely while tough Earle Clements, who had been appointed highway commissioner, outlined a pet proposal. Combs replied quietly but firmly: "Nope, that ain't the way we're going to do it." And a point was established.

Slicing the bloated state payroll by 15%, Combs next sent to the general assembly a 16-point reform program put together by himself and Wyatt. Among the measures pushed through the assembly ("This," said one legislator, "has been the hardest-working, lightest-drinking session in Kentucky's history"): 1) a merit system of state employment; 2) a realistic conflict-of-interest law; 3) a fair-elections law, requiring voting machines throughout the state; 4) the first statewide cleanup of Kentucky's voting rolls; 5) an average \$1,100 raise in teachers' salaries and a probe of the inept education system; 6) establishment of a \$4,000,000 business-development corporation ("little RFC") and a \$2,000,000 industrial-loan authority to bolster the state's sagging coal-mining and agricultural economy.

Trimming & Taxing. To finance his billion-dollar budget, Combs insisted on a 3% sales tax, trimmed 40% from the state income tax. Kentucky pols promptly predicted that the hated sales tax would kill Combs' political career. But Bert Combs professed no ambitions beyond his term's end in 1963. Said he: "I would like to leave some sort of track that I've been here." He already has.

FOREIGN NEWS

DISARMAMENT

Down to Business

History gave the diplomats and experts little hope as they took their seats last week in Room VII of Geneva's gleaming white Palais des Nations to resume the weary search for an end to the world arms race.

As Manhattan Lawyer Fredrick Eaton, chief U.S. delegate, put it, creation of new weapons has always outstripped efforts to disarm ever since the Chinese pirates on the Yangtze held the first disarmament conference in 9 B.C. Now, in the Atomic Age, the haggling has droned on through 14 years to no avail. In the

first day, the delegates got down to substance. On the table before the ten-nation commission (five Communist nations v. the U.S., Britain, Canada, France, Italy) were two conflicting plans. One was the deceptively simple four-year scheme that Nikita Khrushchev laid before his startled U.N. audience in New York last September. Its terms:

- ❑ Total abolition of conventional troops within three years, with an immediate reduction of U.S., Russian and Red Chinese military manpower to 1,700,000 in the first twelve to 18 months.

- ❑ Elimination of foreign military bases.

- ❑ Destruction of nuclear weapons and rockets in the fourth year and a ban on their production.

The West's plan was more cautious, more complicated, and more practical, for built into its every step was the important element scarcely mentioned in the Soviet proposal: control, inspection and enforcement to ensure honest compliance by all ("verification" is the new jargon word for it). The West proposed a program with no timetable and three stages:

- ❑ First, drafting of agreements on every facet of disarmament, including space weapons, creation of an International Disarmament Organization to have increasing powers of supervision, and a reduction of U.S. and Soviet troop strength to 2,500,000 each.

- ❑ Later, a further reduction of conventional manpower to 2,100,000, a ban on use of nuclear weapons in space vehicles, a halt to manufacture of fissionable material for weapons and a reduction of nuclear stockpiles—all to be carefully checked and supervised.

- ❑ Finally, when and if all the rest has been achieved, complete abolition of nuclear weapons and military missiles, reduction of conventional troop forces to the level of local security forces, and establishment of an international armed police to crack down on treaty violators with force if necessary.

The Russians at first called the Western proposal "no plan at all," complained that it "puts off disarmament indefinitely, stressing collection of information instead of disbanding bases." The West, said Russia's delegate, impassive Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin, should give more study to "our plan for general and complete disarmament." Exasperated, U.S. Delegate Eaton rose to complain that Zorin had used that phrase "for 135 times since the start of the conference. Let's quit hollow words and get to real steps and measures." Zorin's reply was surprisingly mild, and the West was heartened when the Poles and Czechs politely asked for more details of the Western plan.

Single Problem. In popular cynicism, Geneva is a place where both sides, with no intention of settling anything, play pass-the-hot-potato, seeking to fix on the other fellow the public opprobrium for failing to agree. But that was not the

atmosphere in last week's sessions. The West set out to relieve Soviet suspicions that inspection was not meant merely to pry into Soviet affairs. Russians could "abandon now" any hope that the West would lay down its arms without advance safeguards, said Eaton—but he was not thinking of "hordes of inspectors." Nor was the West unwilling to split up its package if agreement was possible on the most urgent problem, that of weapons in space. Eaton proposed an immediate agreement to declare outer space off limits for nuclear weapons, to "audit" all missile flights on an international basis, and to stop production of fissionable materials for military purposes. Stolidly,



RUSSIA'S TSARAPKIN
A thousand swords...

very next room at the Palais, the three-nation nuclear-test-ban conference (U.S., Russia, Britain) had made little progress in more than 16 months of debate.

But oddly enough, there was a feeling this time that some kind of partial agreement might be possible out of the common concern over nuclear destruction, and the awesome and imminent new methods of its delivery from the heights of outer space. "Not one, but a thousand swords of Damocles dangle over us," intoned France's Jules Moch gravely as the disarmament talks began.

The Plans. On paper, East and West were far apart, and some delegates, expecting a long siege, began looking for Swiss schools for their children and taking leases on Geneva homes. The British forehandedly made their delegation a "mission," entitling their dependents to living allowances. But even to hard-bitten skeptics, the beginning was promising. For once, there was no haggling over procedure, table shapes, or agenda. On the very



FRANCE'S MOCH
... dangle over them.

the Russians replied that disarmament is one single problem. "It should not be sliced up."

But, as the delegates picked up their papers to adjourn for the weekend, news came from the room next door, where the Big Three were meeting on nuclear test bans, Russia's Semyon Tsarapkin, asking for a special Saturday session for the announcement, said the Soviet Union was willing to sign a treaty proposed last month by President Eisenhower banning all nuclear tests except those underground experiments too small to be easily detected—if a "voluntary" moratorium without controls was accepted on subterranean tests. It was a clever move, for though the U.S. has long opposed any test ban that cannot be supervised, Britain is strongly in favor of compromise on small underground tests. "An important statement, which will be studied carefully," commented U.S. spokesmen (it was also embarrassing: the U.S. intends to explode an underground test bomb in

New Mexico next January, its first since the Big Three agreed to stop testing temporarily 17 months ago).

If it was too soon to judge whether the Soviets were in earnest about arms limitation (a more realistic ambition than disarmament), there was at least a feeling that Nikita Khrushchev was concerned, like the U.S., over what is now called "escalation," or the proliferation of nuclear capability among other nations. One of the secrets confided to West Germany's Konrad Adenauer in Washington was the gist of a recent private message to Eisenhower from Khrushchev. There was even a hint in Washington that Khrushchev, too, like everybody else, would not like to hasten Red China's nuclear aptitude.

BERLIN

The Bottle of the Passes

In the remote stations of the cold war, they also serve who only sit and look at television. Under a 1947 occupation agreement, a U.S. military mission limited to no more than twelve officers and noncoms sits in Potsdam in Communist East Germany. In a comfortable lake-side villa they go about an ordinary daily routine of playing cards, listening to the radio or dialing in their favorite television programs. Similar twelve-man Russian missions sit in Frankfurt in West Germany, and in the former British and French occupation zones.

In January, as a calculated harassment, the Russians announced that the regular Soviet passes issued to Allied missions in East Germany were no longer valid. Instead, the Russians offered new passes co-stamped by the Soviets' puppet East German state. The U.S. refused to be drawn into a trap that would amount to recognizing the legal existence of the so-called German Democratic Republic, and the battle of the passes began. Britain, France and the U.S. retaliated by ordering the twelve-man Russian missions in their zones not to venture out of town.

Last week, after six weeks of stalemate, the Russians backed down. The Soviet commander in Potsdam announced that "guided by the desire not to worsen relations among the great powers, especially in view of the forthcoming summit conference," the old Russian passes would be revalidated as of March 14, for an indefinite period.

ALGERIA

Back to the Fight

The hope of peace in Algeria, which seemed a possibility in January, has vanished now. The somber message that Charles de Gaulle delivered to army units in Algeria (TIME, March 14) might have cheered some European settlers in Algeria, but it pleased hardly anyone else. Despite all the later "clarifications" from embarrassed French spokesmen in Paris, De Gaulle seemed convinced that independence for the Algerians was out of the question, and a "military solution" against the

F.L.N. rebels was the only answer, since they had spurned his "peace of the brave."

Last week it was the rebels' turn to express despair and disillusion. They disclosed that they had sent a secret message to De Gaulle last month offering to send emissaries to Paris for discussions with no strings attached, and had been snubbed. Said Rebel "Premier" Ferhat Abbas angrily: "The head of the French state has closed the door to negotiation and to peace. He has emptied the self-determination offer of its substance and is trying to make the myth of military victory come alive again."

Renewed hard fighting seemed to be the next step. The French have stopped issuing accurate regular reports of military activity, but rebel bombs have been exploding in Algerian towns. On the main highway out of Algiers, four Frenchmen



FERHAT ABAS

Er Behr

Hope for peace has vanished.

were kidnapped last week, and four more were mowed down in an ambush in the center of Aflerville, just 44 miles from the capital. Reshuffling the top command, the F.L.N. installed a tough, 28-year-old guerrilla with the *nom de guerre* of Houari Boumedienne as rebel army chief of staff.

On both sides, men tired of an ugly war despaired of the possibility of negotiations until the latest extreme statements from both sides have a chance to wear off. Each side had tragically misjudged the other's hesitations as a sign of weakness. Now, with increased bitterness, they returned to fighting that neither side is capable of ending victoriously.

FRANCE

Waiting for Khrushchev

During the week's delay while Nikita Khrushchev got over his grippy aches, both Russians and French hammered out a new schedule for his trip to France this week. The visit was cut from 15 days to

twelve, and in response to Khrushchev's familiar complaint that his hosts would not let him meet the people, the French added a few factories and housing projects to his touring program, and cut down on a few Châteaux and cathedrals.

But still bent on curtailing his propaganda opportunities, his hosts successfully resisted Nikita's demand for equal time on Paris' city hall steps, where President Eisenhower spoke last September. They also held out against his demand to visit Strasbourg, suspecting that there, on the Franco-German border itself, the Soviet tourist might let fly with a tirade against the Germans.

The 501st Signature. One thing they could not change was the fact that Khrushchev was coming to Paris just as the Fifth Republic unheroically survived its most serious parliamentary crisis to date. The issue was the country's farm problem, which last month burst out in ugly mob rioting at Amiens and last week produced a crisis in the National Assembly that would have toppled a government in Fourth Republic days, before De Gaulle came back to power.

Agriculture employs one Frenchman in five, but farms are usually small and un-economic, run by older people (average age of farm owners: 55). Since the De Gaulle government united the link between farm and industrial prices in 1958, farmers' prices have dropped 11% while the rest of the country has crested on an industrial boom. Last month the powerful farmers' organizations demanded a special session of the Assembly to take up the farm problem.

The constitution provides that the Assembly may be convened by a majority of its members. But it also states that the President must sign the decree. "Even if they get 500 signatures," scoffed De Gaulle, "they'll need the 501st"—i.e., his own. In a word—*non*. When the Deputies presented their petition, signed by a majority of 287, De Gaulle rejected it with cold contempt. The Deputies, he said, had acted under pressure of the farm lobby, "lacking all qualifications and all political responsibility." A special session of Parliament, Charles de Gaulle wrote to the Assembly president, would not "be compatible with the orderly functioning of the public powers, which I am charged with assuring."

Misgivings. The Deputies fell back, silenced, or complaining in lowered tones. The farmers' federations only muttered their "very great surprise." From this brusque drama two conclusions were to be drawn: 1) it is still considered politically unprofitable to attack De Gaulle openly; and 2) clear as the drift to one-man government may be, Frenchmen by and large are willing to let it happen. Nonetheless, a considerable disillusionment with De Gaulle had set in. So far it was largely confined to Parliament and a few Parisian editorialists whose consent to one-man government was based on a belief that only De Gaulle could bring peace in Algeria, and who found now that hope less real.

LUXEMBOURG

The Man Who Went to Dinner

In Luxembourg's tiny army of fewer than 2,000 men, the only general is the husband of the reigning Grand Duchess, and a lowly major is "Commander of the Troops." Stocky Major Aloyse Schiltz, 47, a World War II paratrooper who escaped from the Nazis and saw action with the British, was also Luxembourg's chief representative at NATO's Central Europe headquarters in Fontainebleau. On last Feb. 29, for one day, he became one of the key men of the entire Western world.

That day in Fontainebleau he was operational duty officer, assigned to a tiny group who must wait for the fearsome word that the enemy has launched an attack. Had the word flashed over the "Red Telephone," it would have been Schiltz's responsibility to set all the land forces of Central Europe into action. But that night at dinner—it was carnival time back home—the major had a few too many glasses of wine. He did not get back to sitting beside the Red Telephone.

French General Jean Etienne Valluy, commander in chief, Allied Forces Central Europe, summoned him to explain his dereliction, but Major Schiltz could not. The Luxembourg government in turn summoned him to explain, but still the major could not. Finally last week a grand-ducal decree announced that the whole lamentable affair would be placed in the hands of a special court. Sighed one Luxembourg official last week: "There we were, a small nation, permitted to participate in NATO. But who will take us seriously now?"

GREAT BRITAIN

Labor's Low Point

Five months after Labor's third straight election defeat, the party, rather than resolving its differences, had sunk so low that some British editorialists were asking seriously last week whether there would ever be another Labor government at all. Cock-a-hoop over two fresh by-election victories, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan told a Tory rally that in view of "the folly, confusion and incompetence of our opponents," he might very well follow Sir Winston Churchill's example and resign his office after his 80th birthday—in 1974. To others, dedicated to the proposition that a lively Loyal Opposition gets the best government, the Labor Party's plight was no laughing matter. "This is not a Labor Party," said the *Daily Mirror*. "This is a party in labor."

Don Dropped. After last October's defeat, moderate Leader Hugh Gaitskell advanced his own reason for the disaster. Labor's 40-year-old constitutional pledge to nationalize practically everything had scared off the prosperous middle-class and working-class voters of present-day Britain, he said, and ought to be replaced by an up-to-date statement backing both public and private enterprise.

To the dogmatic leftists in the party, this was heresy, a betrayal of socialist principles; only a single commanding



HUGH GAITSKELL
Will they ever win again?

speech by Labor's fiery second-in-command, Aneurin Bevan, standing by his leader, kept the party conference from falling apart in November. Nye Bevan, after a major abdominal operation, is down to a scant 140 lbs., and living in seclusion on his Buckinghamshire farm. With Nye out of action, socialist left-wingers rose in open revolt, and the party leadership split in warring factions. Instead of stumping the country like Gladstone to stir up mass support for a new Opposition policy, Gaitskell closeted himself with his intellectual friends, and when he belatedly sallied out late last month, it was to set forth his views at a few university meetings in his most pursed-lipped "if-I-may-venture-to-say-so" manner.

Three weeks ago, on the eve of the showdown Labor Party executive meeting that was to decide on Gaitskell's proposals, 44 left-wing M.P.s broke with their leader over their insistence that Britain should unilaterally renounce its nuclear bomb. One of the dissidents was Richard Crossman, onetime Oxford don. Under heavy pressure from right-wing trade unionists who have no use for the party's intellectuals, Gaitskell last week fired Crossman from his place on the Labor Party's front bench. Gaitskell also demanded a showdown on controversial Clause 4 in the 1918 party constitution, calling for the nationalization of all industry. But what emerged from the showdown was a mealy-potatoes compromise that showed how split the Labor Party still is.

Draft Dropped. The 1918 clause was kept, but a modernized clarification was tacked on, and—in the evangelical language so dear to Labor—promptly dubbed the New Testament. In a phrase lifted from a speech by Nye Bevan, who lifted it in turn from a 1922 speech by Lenin, it called for "substantial enough" common ownership to give power over the "com-

manding heights of the economy." Surviving from Hugh Gaitskell's original draft was a line "recognizing that both public and private enterprise have a place in the economy."

"I've got 80% of what I wanted," said Gaitskell, but few agreed with him; his New Testament was hardly inspired revelation to strengthen the faithful or to convert the disbelievers. As if to emphasize Labor's decline, for the first time in ten years the Tories won the seat in the industrial constituency of Brighouse and Spenborough in Yorkshire. And in another by-election in a dormitory suburb of London, the Labor candidate finished third behind a Tory and a Liberal.

SICILY

The Kiss

Homely Antonina Giurlando was all of 25 when she first fell in love, but even then she scarcely knew what was happening to her. Each morning a young field hand named Salvatore Funari would pass by her family farmhouse in the sun-baked Sicilian town of Scordia. At first he only glanced up at her window, and then, whistling gaily, went on. But soon he began to wave, and one morning he boldly cried "Buon giorno!" In time Nina found the courage to say "Buon giorno" too, and occasionally she and Salvatore would even hold a brief conversation. After two years of this, Nina began wearing her long hair tied severely back in the manner of the married women of the town. She and Salvatore, she decided, were engaged.

Then one night, returning home late, Salvatore saw a light in Nina's window. He knocked on her door, and when she answered, he impulsively kissed her. Happy and carefree, Salvatore promptly went home, but Nina was stunned. What had Salvatore done to her? Her four stern-faced brothers muttered darkly about the family honor. One village busybody sniffed: "A girl kissed is three-quarters compromised."

The four brothers—Sebastiano, Antonio, Giuseppe and Gaetano—called on Salvatore and said: "You have dishonored our sister. You must marry her." Salvatore protested in vain that he had only kissed her. The brothers spread their threats to the marketplace, Sebastiano told Salvatore's mother: "You'd better get a mourning wreath ready for your door," and Antonio gave Nina a small Beretta pistol, with 150 rounds of ammunition.

Last week poor, simple-minded Nina was in prison awaiting sentence for what the weekly *Oggi* could only describe as "the most senseless crime in Sicily's history." Once too often the hapless Salvatore had passed by the Giurlando farmhouse, and Nina had fired four fatal bullets into his body. "Do you asked of what you have done?" she was asked by the authorities. "Why should I repent?" she cried. "I was dishonored." The medical examination that declared her still a virgin meant nothing to Nina. Monotonously, tearlessly, she kept repeating: "He kissed me. He kissed me. He kissed me."

GERMANY

The Double Flow

The number of East Germans fleeing west (3,500,000 since 1945) is again on the rise. Reason: the Communist regime has launched another big drive to collectivize the East German countryside.

Gangs of agitators 70- and 80-strong descend on villages, plaster handbills on walls, harangue the people over loudspeakers, and turn every threat and promise on each individual farmer to join "the beautiful socialist society." Some farmers have committed suicide rather than submit. Many have slaughtered their livestock. The Erfurt Communist newspaper, *Das Volk*, recently reported 380 barn burnings in its district. And the most desperate have wrenched themselves away from their ancestral holdings and fled west, joining a refugee stream of about 400 a day. Said one farmer who fled last week to West Berlin with his family, after hearing that he was to be arrested: "I won't be a slave on my own land."

Curiously enough, there is at the same time a sizable flow of men, women and children in the other direction. The Communists have set up five refugee reception centers on their side of the border and claim that last year 63,076 people crossed over to the East, 41,585 of them redefectors who had left East Germany and then decided to return. Some were miners fleeing the Ruhr coal surplus, others had family problems like a sick mother back home, still others were misfits who had not made themselves a place in the swift-paced life of the Federal Republic. Western officials estimate that the reverse migration runs to about 10% to 15% of the westward flow.

AFRICA

Commercial Travelers

At one time, Africa—instead of what is now Israel—might have become the homeland of the Jews. When Czarist pogroms drove hundreds of thousands of Jews out of Russia before World War I, Britain's Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain drew up a grant of 5,000 sq. mi., in what is now Kenya's white highlands, to serve as a Zionist refuge until the Holy Land should be opened to them. But a Zionist commission inspecting this temporary Promised Land took fright after being nearly crushed by stampeding elephants, surrounded by Masai warriors, and rendered sleepless by roaring lions. Shuddering "No, thanks," the commissioners hastily left British East Africa to the birds, beasts and black men.

Last week the Israelis were back in force in Africa—and enjoying it. This time they were not homeless Jews but bustling commercial travelers and dispensers of technical assistance and capital. Many a newly independent African state finds its own economic development problems strikingly similar to those Israel faced only a decade ago. But British and French interests find the Israelis are now moving in as fast as they them-

selves move or are pushed out. Items: **¶** In Kwame Nkrumah's Ghana, the Ghana National Construction Co.—owned 60% by the government and 40% by the Israeli Federation of Labor—has consistently underbid the onetime top contractor, British-owned Taylor Woodrow. Its latest job: a \$5,000,000 international airport at Accra.

¶ In Nigeria, due to become independent in October, Israel's Water Resources Development Ltd. recently joined an ambitious plan for agricultural, industrial and municipal water development and Israel will supervise twelve plantations of 1,500 acres each, patterned on Israel's cooperative farms.

¶ In Sékou Touré's Guinea, which voted itself out of the French Community a year and a half ago, Israeli diamond interests formed a partnership with the gov-

it is proving a comfortable fit. When Ghana won her freedom from Britain three years ago, Israel's Zim Navigation Co. jumped in with a complete, ready-to-go merchant fleet—the Black Star Line—which saved Ghana so much in foreign exchange that the Nkrumah government recently was able to buy out Zim's 40% share. The Israelis are happy to sell out, and often wind up with a brokerage fee or a managerial contract. Liberia is employing Israeli construction firms on its new \$3,500,000 Duroc Palace Hotel, which will be West Africa's finest. Ethiopia's Haile Selassie, who proudly claims some Jewish blood from a chance encounter centuries ago between King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, has hired Israeli engineers to build 77 miles of mountain road, and is thinking of getting Israelis to convert his slum-ridden capital, Addis



ISRAEL'S GOLDA MEIR WITH WEST AFRICAN FRIENDS
Outshining the next fellow at helping people in the pocketbook.

ernment to market the output of Guinea's diamond mines.

Fewer Strings. The Israeli penetration of Africa is primarily economic, but it has political overtones too: in busily cultivating the new African nations, Israel naturally hopes for their support in the U.N. against Arab boycotts of Israeli products and Nasser's denial of the Suez Canal to Israeli cargoes.

For their part, newly independent Africans, needing and wanting help but leery of the hand offered by the old colonial powers, suspect fewer strings to Israeli assistance. As a mixed economy itself with a flair for socialist forms, *e.g.*, the agricultural kibbutzim, Israel is also psychologically more in tune with smaller nations who think their problems so vast and their time so short that they do not trust free enterprise alone. Besides, says one Israeli official, "we are working on the same scale as other small nations, and our shoes happen to fit them."

As many an African country can attest,

Ababa, into a modern city. Israeli technicians are employed by many African nations to staff hospitals, train military forces, and produce experimental crops.

Sticking to Business. In African countries with large Moslem populations, the Israelis had to contend at the outset with pro-Arab sympathies. Remembering that they were guests, they stuck to business and to efforts that visibly helped the people, while Nasser in his Radio Cairo broadcasts offered his Moslem brothers little but hate. As one Israeli living in the Ivory Coast puts it, they found that "people will forget a lot of politics very quickly if you can outshine the next fellow at filling a need that helps people in the pocketbook."

In Ghana, government backbenchers recently expressed fears of Israeli domination. To leave no doubt of Israel's intentions, Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir toured West Africa last month, leaving behind her this promise, in the words of Israel's Ambassador: "We are not try-

ing to establish ourselves in Africa. There are no Jewish settlements, no synagogues. As soon as our work of assisting is completed, we will move out and move on."

THE BELGIAN CONGO

The Visitor

Of all the African politicians now jostling for position in the soon-to-be-independent Belgian Congo, none makes the Belgians feel more uneasy about the future than cocky Patrice Lumumba, 33. A onetime postal clerk and convicted embezzler, Lumumba was hustled briefly off to jail only four months ago after bloody riots erupted in his home town of Stanleyville, leaving 20 of his fellow Africans dead. Last week the Congo was recovering from a visit that he paid to the Congo's second largest city, Elisabethville.



THE COMMANDER
"Hold up your head, Nanavati, 'cause you ain't going to die."

Lumumba has powerful enemies in Elisabethville, who hope that after independence they will be able to keep the copper wealth of their Katanga province pretty much to themselves. He also has there a fiercely loyal tribal following, which he has carefully kept inflamed. The result was that no sooner had Lumumba appeared on the scene, a leopard skin draped dramatically over his well-tailored lounge suit, than the fighting began.

It lasted for three days, and spread through the suburbs and into the countryside until it reached the copper center of Jadotville, 65 miles away. Plumed warriors charged at each other with pangas and poisoned spears, and the environs of the bustling city of Elisabethville (pop. 177,000) were soon filled with death and mutilation. Since bereaved Africans like to keep the number of their dead secret from the authorities, there was no telling how many casualties there had been. The official figures—seven dead, 148 injured—were admittedly low.

INDIA

For the Love of Sylvia

At 37, handsome Commander Kavus Nanavati could consider himself fortunate. He was second officer on the cruiser *Mysore*, India's flagship; he had an excellent World War II record, ranging from convoy duty on the Murmansk run to the Anzio landing on the Italian coast; he had a comfortable home in Bombay, and his 28-year-old English wife, Sylvia, had borne him three attractive children. Nanavati was a good bet to become commander in chief of the Indian navy one day.

But last spring, Kavus Nanavati asked his wife a dangerous question: Why was she acting so cold toward him? Sylvia confessed that she was having an affair with a Bombay businessman named Prem Ahuja. After a painful discussion, Nanavati drove



HIS WIFE
"Hold up your head, Nanavati, 'cause you ain't going to die."

to his ship in Bombay harbor, checked out a .38 service revolver from the *Mysore's* armory. His next stop was the apartment of Philanderer Ahuja, whom he surprised as he was stepping from his bath. In a struggle over the gun, according to Nanavati, he shot Ahuja three times and killed him. Nanavati then surrendered himself to the Indian navy's provost marshal.

The trial thrilled all India. Commander Nanavati appeared in court in full beribboned uniform, and arrived and departed each day in a navy jeep. The ecstatic press and public hailed him as "the Gregory Peck of the Indian navy." His penitent wife, demure in a white blouse and a white sari, testified for him. The commander in chief of the navy described Nanavati in court as "honest, sober, efficient, and a man of character." Emotional Indian women mailed the commander 100-rupee notes (\$21) as contributions toward his defense, and the bills bore the lipstick imprint of their kisses, as well as their names and addresses. Toy counters were

crowded with "Nanavati" cap pistols so that Indian small fry could re-enact the killing. Bombay teen-agers put new words to the tune of *Hang Down Your Head*. Tom Dooley:

*You're not going to hang, Nanavati,
you don't have to cry;
Hold up your head, Nanavati, 'cause you
ain't going to die.*

The jury concurred, and in October, by a vote of 8 to 1, found the commander not guilty. A crowd of 5,000 outside the courtroom broke into cheers; people knelt down on traffic islands to give thanks. The only discordant note came from the presiding judge. He ruled that the jury's verdict was "perverse," and he insisted on referring the case to Bombay's high court for review. Its decision: Nanavati was guilty as charged, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

But the high court last week decided that it was easier to sentence Commander Nanavati than to jail him. When police went to naval headquarters to serve the warrant, they were halted by a dramatic order from the governor of Bombay state, suspending the life sentence until Nanavati's application to appeal to the Indian Supreme Court could be heard. Newsmen predictably turned to India's ultimate moral authority: Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. What, they demanded, was Nehru's reaction to this arbitrary flouting of the high court's order? Genially, Nehru admitted that naval headquarters had appealed to him for help, and that he had given "advice" that had resulted in suspending the court's order. Though himself a lawyer and graduate of London's Inner Temple, Nehru was clearly in this instance on the side of the public and the navy, and added airily: "I suppose it is quite natural for them to take an interest in one of their senior colleagues."

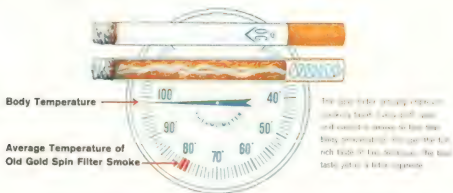
THE HIGH SEAS

"Four Simple Soviet Lads"

Russian newspapers, whose pages of grey type and grey dogma are relieved only by static photographs of stodgy Politburocrats, last week broke out with a real human-interest story and gave it the works. The story they had to tell, already familiar to U.S. newspaper readers, was the saga of four young Russian navy men who had drifted for 49 days across the Pacific in a 60-ft. landing craft, until rescued 1,200 miles north of Wake Island by the U.S. aircraft carrier *Kearsarge*. In the Soviet telling, the U.S. came off well.

Bailed Bootstraps. Viewed in the terms of the survival manuals, the efforts of the four young Russian sailors were fairly crude. A storm on Jan. 17 had torn landing craft No. 36 from its moorings in the Russian-held Kurile Islands, north of Japan, and driven it out to sea. The four aboard had been unable to catch any fish, made no attempt to trap sea birds, failed to maintain a system of regular watches or to develop a distress signal to attract passing ships (three passed on the horizon

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without seeing them). Even worse, they had apparently made no attempt to ration their food and had eaten it all in the first 16 days. But the ultimate test of survival technique is to survive, and on that basis, the Russians made a perfect score. By the time they were finally spotted by a plane from the *Kearsarge*, the four young men had been reduced to boiling their bootstraps and chewing them for nourishment. They had lost 24 to 34 lbs. per man and were weak and emaciated, yet still strong enough to climb into the slings lowered to their tossing boat by helicopters from the carrier.

In column after ecstatic column, the Russian press covered the rescue and the landing of the boys in San Francisco, where they got ceremonial plywood keys to the city from Mayor George Christopher (just back from a visit to Moscow), were outfitted in new clothes, filled with Cokes, and taken on a tour. (They proved grateful but reticent heroes, and a bit overwhelmed.) Khrushchev's cables to them were also printed ("We are proud and filled with admiration"), as well as his cable to President Eisenhower ("The gallant conduct of those American seamen is an expression of those friendly relations that are developing between our two countries").

Stygian Darkness. The Russian press had a proud explanation for the men's survival. Crowded *Pravda*: "In the exploit of the four Soviet men, like the sun in a drop of water, the features of the Soviet way of life are reflected." The youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* took lyric flight: "Through the stormy night, hatching in Stygian darkness across the thundering ocean, four simple Soviet lads bore aloft the torch of bravery. Soviet people are a special alloy!" One Russian correspondent breathlessly reported that not once during their ordeal had any of the four said a harsh word to another. *Pravda* could not resist contrasting this with the despair, terror, "fears and sorrowful prayers" left behind in the diary of the missing World War II U.S. bomber crew whose bodies were recently found in the Libyan desert.

In fact, by week's end, the Russian dailies were herating the thrice-weekly Communist journals, *Literary Gazette* and *Literature & Life*, for their skimpy treatment of the "event which has thrilled millions of people." Songs are being written about the exploit, and teams of artists are at work designing posters and painting canvases. When they finally get home next week, the four sailormen will have the Moscow equivalent of a ticker-tape parade and a triumphant reception worthy of Madison Avenue.

SOUTH KOREA

Victorious Methods

Unopposed, 84-year-old Syngman Rhee won a sweeping fourth term victory—even though perhaps 10% of the voters cast their ballots for his only opponent, who had died a month before.

But there still had to be a get-out-the-

vote campaign to elect Rhee's running mate, ailing Lee Ki Poong, who has difficulty walking and speaking because of a nervous disorder, and did not make a single campaign speech. So Rhee's Liberals set to work. Election day brought many complaints of voter intimidation and open ballot-fixing, of six-foot high boards outside some polling places showing voters how to mark their ballots for Rhee and Lee. Green-shirted members of Rhee's Anti-Communist Youth League loined outside the booths as voters arrived, often in organized teams of three (so that the man in the middle could make sure that the other two voted correctly). The result was a decisive victory (76%) for Invalid Lee over U.S.-educated (Manhattan Col-



LEE KI POONG.
"Dirty polls," clean sweep.

lege) John M. Chang who had beaten Lee easily in the last election.

Tension ran high in many areas, and in the normally peaceful town of Masan voting was still in progress when a disgruntled crowd raised the cry, "Dirty polls!" It was like a spark in dry straw. Suddenly, 200 angry citizens raced to a police station, set it afire, fled with captured weapons. Another mob, 2,500 strong, gathered before the town hall, stoned firemen, who vainly attempted to hook up their hoses to fight back. After tear gas failed, scores of police arrived from nearby Pusan. One lowered his carbine and fired into the screaming crowd, a signal that led other cops to do the same. When it was all over, at least ten were dead, some of them schoolchildren, scores were wounded and hundreds were pushed into police vans and hauled off to jail.

Outmaneuvered at the polls, the opposition Democrats stomped out en masse when the National Assembly met to hear the formal election results, and darkly talked of challenging the "act of theft" in court. But in Syngman Rhee's Korea they cannot hope to do any better in the courts.

CEYLON

The Miracle of the Tooth

In all of Ceylon, no relic is considered holier or more miraculous than the supposed tooth of Lord Buddha encased in the innermost of seven gold caskets in the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy. The pious believe that this tooth was brought to Ceylon by a 4th century princess of Kalinga, who fled with it hidden in her hair when Buddhism was driven out of India.

Centuries later, after a religious war, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Goa had the tooth ground in a mortar and spread the powder on the sea. But legends do not die so easily. A Sinhalese prince proclaimed that the tooth had miraculously reassembled itself and miraculously returned to the sanctuary of the Temple of the Tooth. Ever since, it has resided there, as a symbol of Sinhalese nationalism.

Buddha's Bite. Last week the tooth of Buddha was still showing its bite against the enemy, this time the Communist variety. In national elections, Ceylon's conservatives, hitting hard at Marxist China's treatment of Buddhist Tibet, soundly trounced Ceylon's motley leftist parties, which range from doctrinaire Marxists and Trotsky partisans to avowed Communists. But the conservatives split their majority between two parties: the United National Party, which ruled for eight years after negotiating Ceylon's independence within the British Commonwealth in 1948, and the Freedom Party of the late Prime Minister Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike, who governed from 1956 until his assassination last September. In last week's election, the United Nationalists leaped from eight to 59 seats. But the Freedom Party, without a leader of stature, worked up so much sympathy by parading Bandaranaike's weeping widow that it finished with 46 seats.

Atrocity Target. The closeness of the election may keep Ceylon from a long-desired civil peace, for both leading parties are a long way from the 76 seats needed to form a government. But voters had at least decisively rejected the chaos and frequent strikes of Marxist and left-wing government. Most effective campaigner was the United Nationalists' leader, Dudley Shelton Senanayake, 47, who may become prime minister. In 1952 he had briefly succeeded his famous father, Don Stephen Senanayake (Ceylon's first Prime Minister), who died after a fall from a horse. Then the son had gone into a political and physical decline. Now a teetotaler, he has made a political comeback. Cambridge-educated Senanayake, a Buddhist himself, lashed out at island Marxists who for years have posed as the protectors of the impoverished Buddhist peasantry. Marxism's real feelings about Buddhism, said Senanayake, can be read in the defiled temples and murdered monks of Tibet. As he spoke small boys circulated with handbills showing a drawing of the Temple of the Tooth with a question mark hovering above it, implying that it could be Marxism's next atrocity target.

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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Docile & the Rebellious

Across the face of Latin America last week, dictatorship had its way in one election, and rumblings of rebellion preceded two others:

¶ In Paraguay, Dictator Alfredo Stroessner went through the motions of a congressional election, even asked his opposition to put up candidates, but the opposition gracefully declined and Stroessner swept the polls.

¶ In Ecuador, street riots killed five and injured 33 when ex-President José María Velasco Ibarra arrived in Quito to stir up his supporters and start his campaign there for the presidential election June 5.

¶ In Bolivia, President Hernán Siles Zuazo declared a complete political amnesty in preparation for the May 22 general elections, and a regiment of National Police took the occasion to revolt in La Paz, fought a futile, five-hour battle with loyal troops that left 16 killed, 106 wounded.

CUBA

Back on Post

The U.S. decided last week to send Ambassador Philip Bonsal back to his post in Havana after a two-month absence. The move was made not because there was much improvement in relations—there was little—but because the State Department believes in a keen eye at diplomatic trouble spots and wants its top man on the scene so long as there is no personal danger. Cuba, said the State Department, had given assurances that there were "no charges" against Bonsal despite accusations last January that he was actively conspiring against the Cuban government.

The move had no apparent effect on Castro. At the news of President Eisenhower's request for powers to adjust U.S. sugar quotas (see BUSINESS), loudspeakers in Havana's Central Park blared "Death to Eisenhower" and "Let the

Yankees come—we'll show them how to fight." Cried Castro, who reportedly has spent \$100 million on munitions in the past year: "We have many more arms than the Algerian patriots. Work with your rifles beside you."

Three more names were added last week to the growing list of Cubans disenchanted with Castro. In Washington Cuba's naval attaché and chief delegate to the Inter-American Defense Board, Lieut. Commander Miguel Pons Goizueta, stood before his colleagues from 20 nations and announced his resignation. "Fidelismo," said he, "is a mask hiding international Communism." Next day Cuba's military attaché in the U.S., Captain Angel Saavedra, a onetime Castro agent in Batista's Washington embassy, also requested and got U.S. asylum. Finally, in Havana, Economist Rufo López Fresquet, Castro's Finance Minister from the start of his takeover, announced that he was leaving the government for "reasons of health." With the departure of U.S.-oriented López Fresquet (a onetime Columbia University student, with an American wife), out went the last moderate, the last professional, and the last at-least-halfway friend of the U.S. in Castro's Cabinet.

Stakes at the Base

One issue on which the U.S. intends to stand firm is the \$76 million U.S. Navy base at Guantánamo Bay, and last week there were signs that its determination might be put to test before long. Castro's newspaper stepped up its campaign against the base, charging U.S. officers with "hostility." A U.S. marine, said *Revolución*, had "deliberately" jostled a Cuban unionist at the base and "insulted our country with the worst phrases imaginable. Working conditions are worsening daily."

Clear Rights. The U.S. rights in Guantánamo are clear and indisputable. By a treaty signed in 1903 and reaffirmed in 1934, the U.S. recognized Cuba's "ulti-

mate sovereignty" over the 45-sq.-mi. enclave in Oriente province near the island's southeast end. In return, Cuba yielded the U.S. "complete jurisdiction and control" through a perpetual lease that can be voided only by mutual agreement.

For a low rental (\$1,386.25 annually), the U.S. Navy gets its best natural harbor south of Charleston, S.C., plus 19,621 acres of land, enough for a complex of 1,400 buildings and two airfields, one of them capable of handling entire squadrons of the Navy's hottest jets, e.g., 1,000-m.p.h. F8U Crusaders, 700-m.p.h. A4D Skyhawks. In terms of global strategy, Guantánamo has only marginal value. It served as an antisubmarine center in World War II, and could be one again. But its greatest worth is as an isolated, warm-water training base for the fleet. With an anchorage capable of handling 50 warships at once, it is the Navy's top base for shakedown cruises and refresher training for both sailors and airmen. What Cuba gets out of the deal is 3,700 jobs for the technicians and laborers who help maintain the base, a payroll of \$7,000,000 annually for hard-pressed Oriente.

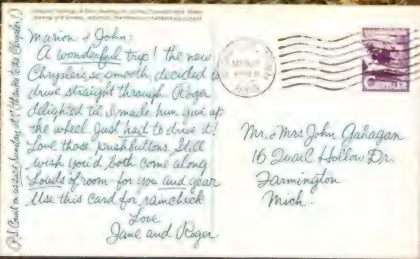
Fire & Water. So far, Castro has made no overt move against Guantánamo. Last October, when a fire threatened to destroy neighboring Caimanera, the base commander, Rear Admiral Frank W. Fenno, sent fire trucks to help extinguish the blaze, then gave more than half a ton of food. The Navy's thanks: statements by the base workers' union boss, Machinist Federico Figueras Larrazabal, that "workers at the naval base have to be alert to unmask any maneuver of the North American imperialists similar to that they performed when they blew up the *Maine*." As of last week, the Navy fired Figueras for this and similar remarks.

The U.S. Navy has no intention of quitting Guantánamo, and the base can undoubtedly defend itself. The Navy does not expect that. What it does wait for is an attempt to make the base untenable by



NAVY JETS ON THE LINE AT GUANTÁNAMO BAY
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Western Electric



Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

cutting off the only water supply for 6,800 Navy men and dependents, 2,200,000 gal. piped in daily from a Yateras River pumping station five miles outside base limits. Several times in late 1958, Castro's rebels turned off the water just to make the Americans jump. It can be done again; within a few days, the U.S. Navy would be shipping in water tankers to withstand a siege by thirst.

PANAMA

Two for Trouble

Panama's Foreign Minister Miguel Moreno stood on the banks of Egypt's Suez Canal one day last week and gazed with admiration so undisguised that it was almost a declaration of policy. Later, before a formal call on Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, Moreno put his thoughts into words: "The ties between Panama and the United Arab Republic are ancient. You have the Suez Canal, and we have the Panama Canal." In Panama City, visitors to the Cuban embassy could pick up a copy of the slick magazine, *INRA*, and read the same thought in words more to the point: "The Panama Canal Zone constitutes . . . a plunder of Panama." From both Cairo and Havana last week the attack was on, and in both cases the target was the same: the U.S. Panama Canal Zone.

Loaded Cocktails. Leading the campaign on the spot is the United Arab Republic's Minister Mohamed El Tabei, 44, a round-shouldered little man with darting eyes. An army judge advocate who hitched himself to Nasser's star, Tabei turned up a year ago to open the U.A.R.'s first fulltime diplomatic outpost in Panama. Despite the fact that commercial relations between the U.A.R. and Panama are so minuscule that they are not even listed in world trade reports, he brought



U.A.R. MINISTER Tabei
Hands across the canals.



POLICE ROUNDUP OF PERONISTAS
Bombs along with ballots.

three staffers from Cairo, hired a dozen more Panamanians once he arrived.

Tabei has not been idle. Each month the legation mails out a fat, Spanish-language bulletin full of success stories about Nasser's operation of Suez, regularly lends a documentary film on the glories of the new Egypt. Tabei recently donated a shelf of Egyptian books to the University of Panama, has also announced four scholarships for Panamanians to study in Cairo. Most important, Tabei has turned into the diplomatic set's host with the most, glorifying Egypt's canal-nationalizing over endless cocktails and dinners. A favorite guest: Aquilino Boyd who as foreign minister in 1958 sent his deputy to Egypt to look over operation of the seized Suez Canal.

Have a Canal. Nationalist Boyd is also a frequent guest at parties thrown by Cuban Ambassador José Antonio Cabrera Vila, but the approach to Panama that Cabrera represents is somewhat less subtle than Tabei's. Last November, before the second invasion of the Canal Zone by flag-planting rioters, a reporter-photographer team from *INRA* harangued the Chiriqui province students who led the riots carrying a giant-sized portrait of Fidel Castro.

In press interviews Cabrera has pledged Cuba's support for any move Panama might make against the Zone; at public functions he passes out cigars in wrappers bearing the message, "From the people of Cuba to their brothers the people of Panama."

Although the U.A.R. legation and the Cuban embassy are in the same block on the same street, Tabei and Cabrera are never seen talking privately, give no evidence that they coordinate a common campaign to stir up Panama's anti-U.S. nationalists. But last week Nasser's Deputy Foreign Minister Hussein Zulficar Sabri was a guest of honor in Fidel Castro's Cuba. A sure topic for talk: Panama and the U.S. Canal Zone.

ARGENTINA

Crisis at Election Time

Terrorist bombs rocked Argentina last week, producing a crisis somewhat more serious than the many others President Arturo Frondizi has faced in his two-year regime. After TNT blasted an army intelligence major's home and killed his three-year-old daughter, Frondizi declared a state of "internal war"; police dragnets swept through the capital at night to knock on 1,400 doors and haul off 250 followers of ousted Dictator Juan Perón. Coming on the eve of a mid-term congressional election that no one can really win, the trouble pointed up the odd state of a democratic nation that is moving ahead, but almost totally without popular support.

The economic facts say that Frondizi is doing fine. His austerity program to cure the ills of the old Perón economy has kept down domestic consumption; boosted exports and brought foreign trade into balance. Yet Argentine psychology tells the public that things are not better, particularly in the area of cheap steak which along with many other luxuries was subsidized under the Perón labor government at the expense of the future. The demagogic Peronistas are enraged at the fact that wages are down while steak has doubled to 50¢ per lb., campaign with the slogan, "Under Perón every worker ate his fill." Though the party is outlawed its leaders brag that they will cast 3,000,000 blank protest ballots in the elections next week. Frondizi has such big majorities in the holdover section of Congress that he will retain control no matter what happens. But the force that really keeps him in power is the same one that keeps the Peronistas from outright rebellion: the Argentine military, which hates Perón and understands Frondizi's development program even though much of the rest of Argentina does not want to.

PEOPLE

In living proof that the wages of multiple matrimony is debt, aging (43) Crooner **Dick Haymes** filed for voluntary bankruptcy in Manhattan, listed his assets as \$5,493, including \$9 in his bank account. His liabilities are somewhat more formidable: \$522,242, including some \$70,000 in payments owed to his second wife, Cinematress Joanne Dru, and a similar debt of \$11,000 due his third wife, Nora Edgington Flynn Haymes.

Appointed as its Roman Catholic co-chairman by the National Conference of Christians and Jews: retired Career Diplomat **Robert Murphy**, 65, now president of Corning Glass International. His N.C.C.J. opposite numbers: Reform Jew **Lewis L. Strauss**, 64, longtime (1953-58) chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, later rejected by the Senate as Ike's appointed Secretary of Commerce; Methodist **Carroll M. Shanks**, 61, president of Prudential Insurance Co. of America.

Never one for pomp and ceremony, Britain's **Prince Philip** accepted the Lord High Stewardship of Plymouth, England, then made a refreshingly candid comment: "One is left with the impression that this position has no duties. This suits me admirably, and I only hope that no one tries to think of any."

A ward of a Hollywood juvenile court ever since she killed her mother's lover with a kitchen knife in 1958, **Cheryl Crane**, 16, daughter of Cinematress **Lana Turner**, was sent off on court orders to a county school for problem girls.

The inventor of the deep-diving bathyscaph, Swiss Physicist **Auguste Piccard**, 76, stepped forward in Lausanne to get an

achievement award presented jointly to him and his son, Jacques Piccard, by Philadelphia's Drexel Institute of Technology. The Piccards were due for special recognition for the record dive of the bathyscaph last January to a depth of 37,800 ft. in the Pacific (TIME, Feb. 1). Jacques Piccard and Navy Lieut. Don Walsh manned the odd craft in the sensational descent.

Receding grey hair setting off his still youthful face, Cinematress **James (Strategic Air Command) Stewart**, 51, pinned a brigadier general's star on each shoulder of his Air Force blues, reported at the Pentagon for two weeks of reservist training duty. Quartered at Bolling Air Force Base, General Stewart commuted daily by launch across the Potomac to his Penta-



GENERAL STEWART
Down on a choir.

gon office. Though a well-qualified airplane pilot, Stewart is now chair-borne in a public relations spot as deputy director of information in the office of the Secretary of the Air Force. In a general mobilization, the deputy's job would be his.

One of the last of Hollywood's tycoons, Producer **Samuel Goldwyn**, 77, a staunch Republican, uncorked the sort of Goldwynism that made Goldwynisms famous. He was ticking off the tough issues that Nixon faces in the presidential contest: "The defense budget, the U.S. foreign policy mess, Castro. And that H-bomb. That's dynamite!"

An attorney for waning Cinematress **Laraine Day**, 39, confirmed what most Hollywooders have long suspected: her 13-year marriage to baseball's onetime tough guy, **Leo Durocher**, 53, will soon



DAY & DUROCHER (1959)
Out of home.

be called out on strikes. Durocher has recently been touching bases with blonde Hollywood Dancer **Larri Thomas**, 26, estranged wife of Actor **John Bromfield**.

A traffic judge in Oakland, Calif. gave a three-day jail sentence (suspended) to **Alan H. W. Chiang**, 25, a grandson of Nationalist China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, for revving his car up to 80 m.p.h. in a 65-m.p.h. zone. Not at all impressed by young Business School Student Chiang's influential background, the judge was most displeased at the State Department's efforts to save Chiang's face, and at Chiang's demand for a jury trial, duly granted, but made pointless by Chiang's plea amounting to no defense.

Just when almost all Britain was rejoicing over the impending May marriage of **Princess Margaret** to a happily suitable commoner, Photographer **Antony Armstrong-Jones**, the editors of a top British authority on noble genealogy, **Debrett's Peerage**, came along to spoil the illusion that Tony is just an ordinary bloke. After 16 days of laborious climbing in a forest of family trees, **Debrett's** Assistant Editor Patrick Montague-Smith proclaimed that Armstrong-Jones is not only of royal blood but also a very distant kinsman of Margaret. In a complex chart, Montague-Smith submitted proof that Tony is 22nd in descent from King Edward I's daughter Elizabeth.* Moreover, a medieval lord of Harlech was a mutual ancestor of both Tony and Margaret. Exulted Tree Tracer Montague-Smith: "A thrilling discovery! The relationship between Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones really comes to this: they are twelfth cousins, twice removed!"

* Not very startling news to Britain's upper-class society, vast numbers of whom can trace their ancestry back to Edward I.



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SCIENCE

Sudden Zeus

In a quiet, warehouselike building at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, N. Mex. are six racks of shelves, each 28 ft. long, 3 ft. wide and 20 ft. high. Each rack has seven shelves; on each shelf are 48 grey metal boxes; and the whole thing looks as passive as a shoe factory's inventory. Actually, it is the first half of the Zeus capacitor, one of the world's most violent bits of equipment.

Zeus's job is to store electricity gradually, as in a huge storage tank, and then

all its capacitors fire in unison, they will have roughly 100 times as much power. The discharge will flow for only a few microseconds. But while it flows, it will have twice the current of all the electric power generated on earth.

Zeus's thunderbolts are designed to help the U.S. effort (Project Sherwood) to harness the vast thermonuclear energy of the hydrogen bomb in a manageable form. Most promising way to achieve fusion of hydrogen atoms is to squeeze them between enormously powerful magnetic fields, and such fields can only be created



LOS ALAMOS' ZEUS CAPACITOR
To harness the energy of an H-bomb.

spit it out as a short but enormously powerful jolt of energy. And Zeus is dangerous, a fact well known to every one of the electricians who swarm over it. The least of Zeus's bolts could burn them to a crisp. When Dr. Tom Putnam, physicist in charge, gets ready to ask Zeus to hurl a trial thunderbolt, he takes elaborate precautions. First he locks the monster in its room. Then he starts the "permissive chain" on the control board.

A warning horn wails. Then comes a 30-second delay during which a trapped electrician could hit one of the nine handy scram switches and stop further action. Putnam presses a button, and direct current from a roomful of transformers and rectifier tubes flows into Zeus.

Last week Putnam was testing a single shelf containing 48 of Zeus's designed 4,032 capacitors. It fired, producing only a loud "blonk" as its energy discharged through a heavy aluminum cylinder called "the load" and dissipated as harmless magnetism.

But if allowed to discharge as an open spark, this single shelf alone produces the electrical jolt of a smallish natural flash of lightning. When Zeus is finished and

by equally powerful currents. When Zeus has passed its last tests, probably some time in June, Project Sherwood's apparatus will be waiting for its thunderbolts. The hope is that they can squeeze hydrogen hard enough to produce a flash of fusion energy.

News from Space

Britain's Princess Margaret climbed into a trailer parked close to the great radio telescope at Jodrell Bank, just south of Manchester, England. At a control panel was Bill Young of Los Angeles, who adjusted knobs and switches and then told the princess: "You push this button in one minute, 15 seconds." Meg waited. When Young said "Push," she touched the button marked "Execute Command." Red and white lights showed on the control panel, telling Young and Princess Meg that a radio signal had started from the radio telescope and was speeding across space at light's speed (186,300 m.p.s.) toward U.S. sun satellite Pioneer V, 1,040,000 miles away. About 25 seconds later, Pioneer V's radio answer sounded as a wavering whine in Bill Young's trailer.

Turned on by command from Jodrell Bank or Hawaii, this eerie voice conveys information that is relayed by teletype to the Space Technology Laboratories, Los Angeles, where Pioneer V was built. There it is put on punched cards and fed into a computer. Out comes a flood of figures that STL men interpret as the latest news about Pioneer's position and course.

Pioneer's report, after covering the first million miles of its 500 million-mile orbit around the sun: "Everything is fine." Its internal temperature is 68° F., slightly lower than the standard temperature of a U.S. living room. The four paddles that collect solar energy for its radio are colder: 27° F. Eighty-seven slight impacts from micrometeorites and five heavier ones were registered, but nothing really damaging. Other data will take months to interpret. Eventually they will tell about cosmic rays, magnetic fields and other space conditions between the earth and the orbit of Venus.

When Vanguard I, the U.S.'s second satellite, popped into orbit early in 1958, Nikita Khrushchev derided it as a "grapefruit." It was indeed small (6.4 in. in diameter, 3.25 lbs.). But last week, as it completed its second year in orbit, Vanguard had proved to have two virtues that the massive Soviet satellites lack. First, it soared into so high an orbit (apogee 2,500 miles above the earth, perigee 400 miles) that the outermost fringes of the atmosphere exert almost no slowing effect on its motion. It has kept going while heavier competitors sagged into the atmosphere and burned up; it has already circled the earth nearly 8,000 times, may keep up this schedule for 1,000 years.

Vanguard's second virtue is the solar battery that has kept its small radio beeping steadily, long after bigger satellites lost their voices. Tracked by its radio signals, the "grapefruit's" motions in its orbit have given invaluable information about the earth's slightly bumpy gravitational field, and about the shape of the earth itself. Last week another bit of information came down from the little satellite. There was a slight, unexplained wandering in its long-studied orbit. After much calculation, Dr. Peter Munsen and other orbit experts of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration reached their conclusion: Vanguard I was being blown off course by pressure of sunlight.

All light exerts some pressure, but not much. Even the powerful sunlight glaring in empty space has the pressure of only one billionth of a pound per square inch—roughly equivalent to the weight of two cigarettes pressing on an acre of land. But in the vacuum of space, it was enough to push Vanguard I a mile or so off course over a period of two years. Light pressure is important in astronomy; it forms the tails of comets and is probably responsible for distributing the debris of exploded stars throughout the galaxy. But not until Vanguard I had been circling for two years had it ever been detected in action on a man-made space object.

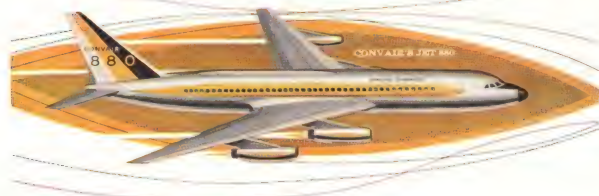


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for electricity

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THEATER ABROAD

Back on the Trapeze

"I've told everybody to anticipate disaster, fiasco, failure," says Playwright William (The Time of Your Life) Saroyan of his new show. Its title: *The London Comedy*. *Sam the Highest Jumper of Them All*. But as he races to get ready for opening night at London's experimental East End Theatre Royal April 5, the Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze is



Brian Seed

PLAYWRIGHT SAROYAN DIRECTING
"Come! wind from a squopper."

too busy to be bothered with his own admission. He is still trying to decide whether the cast should sing the first-act finale—he is, in fact, still writing his play.

Saroyan began rehearsals fortnight ago with little more than a title, has let dialogue grow out of on-stage argument among the actors, has written and rewritten so furiously that there are seldom enough copies of the latest script to see the cast through a complete scene. But everyone agrees that the play is pure Saroyan—the latest gust of a strong second wind that seems to be reviving a 51-year-old writer who has long seemed written out.

Good God. In the age of Beckett and Ionesco, Bill Saroyan's zaniness seems almost conservative. The new play has a bank clerk named Sam Harkaharkalak, a bank president named Mr. Horniman, and a succession of other Saroyan types who deposit both cash and wisdom. Among them: a stripper named Daisy Dimple, a blind man who doubles as "squopper" or tragic chorus, a gypsy who spouts Greek that translates into Saroyanese. ("All is

not all. How could it ever be?"). Also in the cast of characters: a girl who is having a baby by an American named Marlon Brando Cavalcanti and who worries about radioactive fallout, a Scotland Yard inspector named Overboard, and a Russian who stands on his head. And then there is an "ambassador from the audience" who sits onstage and asks for encores of certain attractive bits of business, notably the thunder sound effects.

What all these people are up to even the playwright is not sure. But by last week both he and the cast were almost convinced that *Sam* is about a bank robbery in which the take includes one bad defective pound note. (A Bank of England cashier named G. O. Dodd has signed them "Good God" by error.) *Sam* is accused and fired. A priest gets hold of the cash and distributes it to unwed pregnant women who "promise to stop it." *Sam* develops "delusions of grandeur, paranoia and schizophrenia," and decides that he is the world's greatest high jumper. Understandably, Saroyan suggests that "any reality must come from the beholder. After all, a madman's fantasies are the most real thing in the world—to the madman."

Price of Peace. Still, Saroyan is laboring nightly to give the beholder a break. Nights and weekends he holes up in his Sagadahoc Savoy Hotel room, bats out ten pages of dialogue every night. In the theater, his ingenuous, bearded, somewhat faded face looms over a thick athletic frame that is forever on the move; he bounces onstage to demonstrate high-jumping technique or prowls the auditorium calling out sudden changes in the script. He carries the air with the sweeping gestures of an orchestra conductor, comes to roost like a stork, one leg cocked, on the rail of the pit. "Give it music," he may order an actor, or "Give it a Marlon Brando mumble."

Secret of Saroyan's return to creativity is the U.S. tax collector who chased him abroad. Saroyan figures that he owes about \$60,000 in hock to the Department of Internal Revenue, and he is trying to earn the price of coming home. In Paris he sold a play (*The Paris Comedy*, or *The Secret of Lily*) to Movie Producer Darryl Zanuck. The stage version, which he is now writing in nine days, cost him 100 francs (there were lots of parties), and a success in Vienna last month to good notices. Saroyan has also written a *Memoir of a Man*, or *No One in His Right Mind*, plays about Americans abroad in Vienna, Berlin, Australia. "It's going to be a series, like *Granddaughter of Lasso*," he says, and it ought to earn him a trip back to Fresno and the vineyards where he began.

TELEVISION

Off the Map

No one ever explained why the House subcommittee investigating TV quiz shows never called a St. Louis Army supply clerk named Teddy Nadler. Maybe the probers believed that Teddy honestly knew all

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...will appeal to gentlemen of every party this election year. Trim, youthful lines. Narrower lapels. More honest, more manly, natural shoulders. Somewhat shorter jacket, to give you a taller look. Gently tapered trousers to give you a leaner look. These and other subtle reflections of the Continental influence tailored into the lightest, coolest, most comfortable fabrics ever to laugh at heat and humidity. As for the workmanship, look at the record. For seventy-three years skilled and dedicated craftsmen have stitched a legend of superiority back of the Hart Schaffner & Marx label. Small wonder it appears in more suits than any other fine label in the world.

about classical music, history, mythology, baseball—the astonishing assortment of information that won him \$264,000 on *The \$64,000 Challenge*. But whether the legislators were fooled by the champion or not, last week another Government agency got hold of Teddy. The Bureau of the Census gave him an eminently unisex quiz with a slim two-week, \$11-a-day prize, and Teddy flunked on the first round.

After a year and a half of dipping into his TV loot, Teddy had taken a look at his thinning bankroll and decided he needed a job. He asked to become a census taker. On the standard exam, he did well on the language sections, but Teddy was a flop when it came to map reading. *Let's* showing that he could stay within his assigned area, spot landmarks, figure the distance to the city limits, etc. The Census Bureau decided that there was no sense in hiring a man who might get lost before he got out of town. "This is no reflection on Nadler's intelligence," said a kindly bureau spokesman, who added that nearly half the applicants flunk the test. But the fact remained: the man who had taken the networks' quizmasters for more than a quarter of a million had failed when he tried for a lowly 13-buck payoff.

Pinder's Underwater Ode

In the hard-sell literature of television commercials, the fastest-growing category offers panaceas for unusual problems. There is a floor covering for viewers who have elephants running through their kitchens and a deodorant that improves the social attractions of marble statues. There have been pens that write on butter, watches for attachment to boat propellers, electric shavers for Georgians who want to shave peaches and for kids who like to shave balloons. But the season's most ingenious problem-solver is just gurgling in: an instant lather for men who like to shave under water.



Zsa Zsa & George
Marriage under a dryer.



PINDER & TUNA
Lather under a fathom.

With four days' growth of beard. Skindiver Art Pinder—so muscular that he looks like two small whales back to back—jumps into a fathom and a half at Florida's Silver Springs. He shows how an enemy shave cream is useless under these conditions, then lathers up with Mennen Soft Stroke, which sticks like biscuit dough while he mows the beard. A flavorsome little tuna named Judy Scott then swims into his arms.

Pinder's underwater shave commercial cost Mennen more than \$10,000, lasts 60 seconds, was conceived by copywriters at Manhattan's Grey Advertising Agency. Before giving the idea the up thumb last autumn, Grey executives sent out for a 10-gallon aquarium, ordered one of the copywriters to lather up and dunk his head. Later described (with questionable accuracy) as "the first time an account meeting was ever held in a bathroom," the event was climaxed by wild cheers as the copywriter surfaced with Soft Stroke still on his chin. Nonetheless, one skeptical adman said he could not see the need for shaving under water. No one heard him. They had all left for Florida.

HOLLYWOOD "Content with Mediocrity"

It is probably true that Western civilization could have muddled on without an autobiography of George Sanders; but the same might be said of the new precracked bottles of guaranteed-foaming nonchampagne for E-Z ship lunching. Uncorked this week by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the champagne in Actor Sanders' *Memoirs of a Professional Cad* (\$14.50) is at least genuine, and it foams fairly often.

By maintaining a sharp crease in his pants and a permanent wave in his upper lip, handsome Actor Sanders has caused spasms of resentment and loathing among the viewers of some 70 movies (in his

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^{NEW} Kellogg's CONCENTRATE



The greatest concentration of nutrients ever offered in a single all-purpose food

Here's a new kind of food in ready-to-eat flake form that—easily and appetizingly—helps make every meal a nutritionally balanced meal. Concentrate is 40% high-quality protein. High-quality protein as in eggs and meat, except that Concentrate is virtually fat free. Concentrate also is high in many vitamins and minerals essential to a healthful diet.

Concentrate is as good-tasting as it is good for you, too. Delicious as a cereal or added to your favorite cereal. Perks up the flavor when added to almost any food . . . meat loaf or patties, soups, vegetables, salads, fruits or desserts.

One way or another, get your daily nutrition protection with an ounce of Kellogg's Concentrate. In your grocer's cereal section.

ONE OUNCE GIVES YOU ALL THESE NUTRITIVE VALUES

PROTEIN: more than an egg and two strips of bacon.

VITAMIN B₁ (thiamine): as much as three ounces of pork.

VITAMIN B₆: more than five carrots.

VITAMIN B₁₂: as much as one ounce of meat or fish.

VITAMIN C: about as much as four ounces of tomato juice.

VITAMIN D: as much as two glasses of vitamin D milk.

NIACIN: more than three ounces of beefsteak.

RIBOFLAVIN: more than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.

IRON: as much as two ounces of beef liver.

NOTE: Only 106 calories per oz. (less than an average orange.)

KELLOGG'S OF BATTLE CREEK

© 1960 by Kellogg Company

most notable villain's role, he won an Oscar as the caddish critic in *All About Eve*). The antipathy he evokes with his frigid stare is all the more violent because he is an upper-class rotter, and the only actor since Erich von Stroheim and Charles Coburn who can wear a monocle without looking as if he is going to drop it in his soup.

Regress into Cinema. In prose that is often witty and sometimes arch, Author Sanders (who swears he is ghostless) describes his descent into cinema villainy. No memoir can be got under way properly without the introduction of a dotty relative, and the author, who was born into a wealthy St. Petersburg family, recalls with admiration the pre-Revolution pastime of his favorite uncle, who used to lie in bed with a .22 pistol and shoot flies which gathered on the ceiling to eat the jam he had smeared there. Footmen stood by, Sanders recalls, with champagne, ammunition and more jam. After his family fled to England, Sanders easily withstood a British public-school education (Brighton College), got a job with a South American cigarette company, but was thrown out when he pinked his mistress' fiancé in a revolver duel. A bouncer, but not yet a villain, Sanders returned to London and developed a low opinion of singers by briefly becoming one (bass-baritone). The move to cinema came naturally, and the author's sneer became permanently and profitably fixed.

Whirling through his career with airy speed, Sanders tells how he might have become a matinee idol if he had not been too bored to keep a crucial lunch date with Louis B. Mayer, how he was signed to replace Elio Pinza in *South Pacific* but could not face the tedium of nightly performances on Broadway. "During the five years I was married to Zsa Zsa Gabor," he confides, "I lived in her sumptuous Bel Air mansion as a sort of paying guest." Communicating with Zsa Zsa was never easy, since she seemed to do almost everything under a hair dryer. But once she did come out long enough to recommend a good analyst for poor darling George. "In due course he not only cured me of my obessional impulses and my periodic backaches, but he also cured me of Zsa Zsa."

The Ultimate Question. Of Sanders' various comments on the passing scene, some of the more acid concern the death of Tyrone Power on the *Solomon* and *Sheba* set in Spain and the gaudy funeral that followed in Hollywood, where loud cheers greeted Yul Brynner, as if, by replacing Power in the film, "he was somehow making everything all right." When big bald Yul later arrived in Spain, Sanders cattily reports, he brought along twelve leather suits by Dior (six black, six white) and a retinue of seven stooges, one of whom "was permanently occupied in shaving Brynner's skull."

Sums up Sanders: "I invariably play myself . . . I am content with mediocrity and I defy any producer to send me a good script . . ." Television? "I only turn it on occasionally when something very special is being presented. (Such as myself.)"



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On this day in 1835 James Crow's
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...125 years ago when Old Crow first appeared, it was
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for history to record the brand preferences of great men—but
public writings abound with references to Old Crow. HENRY CLAY,
DANIEL WEBSTER, MARK TWAIN—are but some of the great men who
praised it. Today, it is still the most preferred bourbon in our land.
Think of how good Old Crow must be to have earned this
spontaneous respect over all these years! Taste its greatness.





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Frankly, the new IBM Electric was styled to catch your eye. But there are even sounder reasons to choose this superb typewriter. It is one of the most perfectly engineered quality products in the world. Every part is made a little stronger, a little more precise than it has to be. For example, at IBM, it takes 30 individual operations to make a single type bar.

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Gussie's Glory

The only Carmen in operatic history to commit suicide was an opulently constructed New Jersey girl named Gussie Seft. That was seven years ago at the Chicago Lyric Opera, after terrible-tempered Tenor David Poleri, appearing as Don José, stalked off the stage in the final act snarling at the conductor. "Finish it yourself," Gussie finished it herself by singing Don José's part as well as her own. At the moment of truth, when Don José was to have stabbed her, she stuck her thumb in her chest and dropped on the stage.

Since then, Trenton-born Gussie Seft, better known as Gloria Lane, has all but adopted the role of Carmen, and Milan's La Scala has adopted Gussie. Last week, rising Mezzo-Soprano Lane demonstrated what it is about her favorite role that makes Latin blood rise.

La Scala's *Carmen* is a grandiose production featuring Todd-AO-sized sets, live horses and a chorus of hundreds. But when statuesque Mezzo Lane stepped on stage dressed in black stockings and a startlingly low-cut shirt ("I never wear a brassiere"), she stopped every eye in the house. Moving with feline grace, she developed a Carmen glittering with gypsy pride and animal excitement. "Singing with her," says a La Scala tenor, "can be pretty tough on a hot-blooded Sicilian like me." Even on La Scala's great stage, Mezzo Lane's voice was opulent and brilliant, rich as piled velvet. When she went to her death, proudly erect and dressed in white lace, the house burst into round after round of applause.

In her comparatively brief operatic career, 20-year-old Mezzo Lane has made



GLORIA LANE AS CARMEN
Proffers enough of hot-blooded tenors.

something of a specialty of dying gracefully. The daughter of an immigrant Russian harnessmaker, she heard her first music in a Trenton synagogue where her father was baritone cantor. Gussie Seft became Gloria Lane in her teens, after she won a V.M.H.A. amateur contest singing *Let Yourself Go*. She abandoned a \$250-a-week secretarial job to win the role of the secretary in Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul*, later sang the role of Desideria in Menotti's *Saint of Bloeker Street*, a part that, like Carmen, required her to die of a knife wound each evening. "I've been dying for a couple of years," said she at the time, "and I wonder if there's any future in it." Mezzo Lane sang her first traditional operatic roles at Manhattan's City Center—Carmen and Annieris in *Aida*, neither of which she had ever seen.

Now married to St. Louis-born Conductor Samuel Krichalnick, Mezzo Lane has sung Carmen so frequently and exhaustively in recent months that she has had to drop virtually everything else—even, she reports, "making love." A fiery, volatile woman, she regrets only one thing about the role—the succession of Don José's she has to deal with. "Most tenors," says Lane-Carmen, "are s.o.b.s who think they own the stage even if all they do is sing 'Dinner is served.'"

Prizewinning Pianist

At the opening of each session, the crystal chandeliers of Warsaw's elegant Philharmonic Hall were dimmed while a single spot focused for several reverent minutes on a bust of Chopin on stage. One slight, intense young pianist among the contestants at the sixth International Chopin Piano Competition seemed to resemble the master. At 18, the jury and audience agreed Italy's Maurizio Pollini was clearly a pianist of the first rank. Last week Pollini became the first Westerner to win the coveted first prize of the Warsaw competition.

Normally held every five years (the schedule was interrupted during the war), the Chopin contest this year attracted 78 young pianists (age limit, 30) from all over the world. The 16-member jury, about half of whom were from the West, sat day after day in the balcony and deposited their secret ballots in a box to which the Chief of Justice of the Supreme Court had the only key. (Previous competitions have always been won by either a Pole or a Russian, and in 1955 there had been charges of pontifical rigging.)

This year Pianist Pollini was clearly ahead from the start. Playing with deep concentration, lips parted and sharply profiled face tilted slightly upward, he worked his way through a selection of Chopin études, preludes and mazurkas, giving each of them beautiful tone and lyrical, crystalline clarity and virtuoso technique to burn. Said a judge after he played Chopin's *E-Minor Concerto* in the finals: "I don't think he missed a single note." The only criticism of Pollini was



MAURIZIO POLLINI IN WARSAW
Already, better than any of the juries.

that his staggering technical facility and his octave-wide span sometimes tempted him into playing at too fast a pace.

When he learned that he had won the 30,000-zloty (about \$1,700) first prize, Pianist Pollini called his home in Milan, shouted "I'm fine. I won" and burst into tears. The son of a prosperous Milan architect, Maurizio started piano lessons when he was five, at eight was hiding Bach partitas behind his school textbooks. He displayed a prodigious musical memory: at a piano examination at which students had three hours to memorize a two-page composition, Maurizio memorized ten pages in 15 minutes. Although he has won various piano prizes, Maurizio was not widely known when he set out for Warsaw. But his teacher, Carlo Vidus, so of the Milan Conservatory, believed he was ready. "Technically," said revered Artur Schnabel, world's foremost interpreter of Chopin, "he already plays better than any of us on the jury."

Melodies in a Safe

"Composing is like fishing," said the late Jerome Kern. "You get a nibble, but you don't know whether it's a minnow or a marlin until you reel it in." Writing quickly and easily, Kern landed enough songs in his lifetime to serve 62 stage and 17 screen productions, but few people outside the music trade knew that he also piled up a surplus that was never published. Since Kern's death in 1945 at the musical overflow—some 75 waltzes, ballads, rhythm songs, tangos and beguines—has remained in a safe in the Manhattan office of Campbell & Co., its publishers.

Last week the existence of the Kern subtreasury was made public. With the permission of the composer's family, Theatrical Producer Cheryl Crawford announced plans for a new Broadway play, No. 43 with music by Jerome Kern. The

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Kodel scores the strikes for neatness in "Mayfara" slacks! Bowls over wrinkles... keeps these slacks looking just-pressed! That's because Kodel is the liveliest polyester yet! Sportscaster Bud Palmer likes their cool, fresh lightness, too. Worst blend by Pacific of Kodel polyester and wool.



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book will be adapted by Playwright Ketti Frings from her 1941 screenplay *Hold Back the Dawn*; the lyrics will be written by Dorothy (Annie Get Your Gun) Fields.

Why had Kern's estate waited so long to cash in on the contents of the safe? "Miss Crawford offers the auspices we have waited for," said Kern's daughter (wife of Hollywood Producer Jack Cummings). "After all, the songs are no good in a bureau drawer." It was possible, too, suggested his longtime collaborator, P. G. Wodehouse, that the melodies—until now heard only by a handful of people—would turn out to be something less than Golden Bantam Kern.

The composer could write a song in a few minutes, recalled Wodehouse: he would jump up from poker games to scribble music. He liked to eat a hard-shelled crab at 2 a.m., then write music the rest of the night. Early in his career, he worked on as many as six shows at once. Although he threw many songs away, he must have kept a sizable school of minnows along with *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* and *Ol' Man River*.

Jazz in the Jungle

The drummer was from the jazz caves of Broadway, the skins from the jungles of Nigeria, some of the audience from the green hills of Rhodesia. But the message needed no translation: when Drummer Carlos ("Potato") Valdes started slapping the taut "talking" drums in a syncopated rhythm, eyes rolled, lips moved, bodies swayed in time to the beat. Had the air been a little bluer and the hubble a little louder, it might be any weekend night back at Manhattan's Village Vanguard.

That is how it went all during the four-month, ANTA-sponsored African tour of Herbie Mann's Jazz Octet. From Liberia to Uganda to his stop last week in the Sudan, Flutist Mann and his men played to a steady succession of sold-out houses, jammed with both European jazz enthusiasts and native tribesmen who recognize in Mann's percussive style the distant echoes of their own primitive jungle beat. To make the similarities more apparent, Mann incorporated a raft of native instruments into his group. And the octet learned from the natives as it went along.

In a jam session with Haile Selassie's Imperial Guard Band, the octet brought down the house playing *I Can't Do It* and *You Pretty Baby*. Mann himself so delighted the King of Buganda's royal flutist in a joint jam session that he received a flute as a prize. Many a fan asked: "Where did you learn our rhythms?"

The natives seemed lost at only one point—in the more advanced sections of Mann's *The Evolution of Jazz*, which traces jazz development from the hottest New Orleans to the coolest of the cool. The Africans decidedly did not dig modern jazz. Recalls one critic: "It was almost like watching a class that had mastered the trick of counting in cowrie shells being whisked by rapid stages through the intricacies of higher mathematics to Einstein's theory of relativity."

LITTLE PEAS with posh



IN COMPANY with the costliest entrees put before you in the great restaurants of France, you will discover the *petits pois*. A taste will tell you why they are there. You might conclude that nothing on this earth can compare to these celebrated French peas.

But that might be rash. Because over here in recent years some little peas have been grown that rival the French ones in flavor. Little peas that belong in silver bowls. Little peas with posh.



These peas are very young and tender. Their unique seed is derived from hundreds of breedings and crossbreedings. As a result, their little green insides are bursting with the best of hundreds of generations of peas.

But good seed is only the beginning of the story. Planting is restricted to special soils peas like best. The plants are lavished with care to the point of wickedness. And when the little peas are at their tenderest, when their flavor leaves nothing more to be desired, they are quickly tinned so not a whit of this flavor can slip away.

They are called Le Sueur Brand Peas. You will find them at grocers who cater to people who know their peas. May we suggest that you enjoy some of these posh little peas tonight? Perhaps a silver bowlful?



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ME
FLY?"**



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
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Davis digs while Robt. Burns



Milo Davis grows a mean garden. Also digs those Robt. Burns Panatelas.

New lighter wrapper plus Smooth Smoke® Binder Tobacco plus fine Havana filler...equal a superb smoke of rich aroma, extremely good taste.

Nice way to relax. Try one tonight after dinner.

Panatela de Luxe

2 for 27¢—or in the handy 5-pack



Robt. Burns

5 popular shapes—
2/25¢ to 25¢ straight.
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THE THEATER

New Play on Broadway

One More River (by Beverly Cross) gets vigorously if rather reminiscently under way: a crummy rust-bucket of a freighter, a dead captain, a viciously tyrannizing mate, a respected bosun, a resentful crew. When it appears that the mate has thrown boiling water into the deck boy's face and blinded him, the crew is so boiling itself that, but for the bosun's insistence on a proper trial, it would string the mate up. The trial involves sensational charges and the mate's defense gets into the deeper waters of character. At the same time the play itself gets into deeper waters, and there it eventually drowns. In a clutch of sudden deaths, crucial signal lights, lies whitening into truths, loyalties rusting into funk, and rats deserting a sinking bosun, disbelief noses out tension and playwrighting mishaps outnumber maritime accidents.

Playwright Cross's desperate measures for keeping melodrama afloat at all costs and his not knowing that too many wrinkles spoil the plot sink what starts off as a good realistic thriller and what, as staged by Windsor Lewis and acted by Lloyd Nolan, Alfred Ryder and others, remains a good naturalistic production. Although to scratch any of the play's characters is to find a stereotype of stage and sea, their talk is effectively racy and their mutineering instincts show promise. The trouble, in the end, is that they mutiny on the author. The play closed at week's end.

New Offering on Broadway

Dear Liar is a "comedy of letters" that Actor-Director Jerome Kilty wove out of the 40-year correspondence between Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Bernard Shaw. What results is no play, nor is it meant to be. Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne are intentionally dramatic instruments rather than impersonators. In form, the whole thing, which reached Broadway after a road tour of 66 cities, most resembles a set of verbal duets. Adapter Kilty, with an ingenious try, displays neat workmanship, and the two stars have gone gallantly at their rather anomalous roles. But pleasant and provocative as it is, *Dear Liar* falls flat, and not wholly for dramatic reasons.

Judged (as they generally are) as love letters, these make curious ones; something was always going wrong with the male. Doubtless, temperamental Actress Campbell could be impossible, but tough Playwright Shaw could at times seem inhuman. These were love letters without a love affair; as Stella Campbell said, she and G.B.S. were two "lustless lions at play." And for every coo there was a not-always-brilliant snarl. When she first read *Pygmalion*, she sniffed: "You made Liza a cockney just to torment me," and he snapped back: "I'm surprised you find it so difficult to be common." But Mrs. Pat must have minded his use of dialect less than his turn for didacticism. Where she



NOLAN & RYDER IN "RIVER"
And then the play drowns.

was always losing her temper, he was always playing the teacher. When she seemed large and unmistakably feminine, he was a touch small as well as neuter.

But what *Dear Liar* suffers from is less Shaw as lover than Shaw as letter writer, a role in which he falls far short of the dramatist. Things perk up when the stars can get their teeth into something theatrical rather than into each other, as when they go over a scene from *Pygmalion*. But the stars are not quite welded to their parts. Unfailingly gracious, Actress Cornell seems too gentle and Actor Aherne seems somehow too jaunty.



AHERNE & CORNELL IN "LIAR"
And then the stars dim.

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RELIGION

Mission's End

Bouncing over Africa's mountains in chartered DC-3s and over its hills in Jeeps, dead tired, 15 lbs. lighter than when he started, and with recurring eye trouble, Billy Graham wound up his seven-week "Safari for Souls" last week, still going at a pace that often left his followers limp. His only major difficulty was insomnia, and he remarked that he spent most of his sleepless hours in prayer: "I figure God had some reason for keeping me awake."

Altogether, he and his team had drawn more than 600,000 black and white Africans to 25 unsegregated meetings and moved some 35,000 of them to "decide for Christ." But it was not just a question of packing them in, preaching the word and reaping the harvest: Billy was constantly called upon to meet situations that would have floored a less seasoned missionary.

You Never Know. In Tanganyika, at the foot of snow-crowned Mount Kilimanjaro late last month, he faced an audience of 25,000, their heads protected from the scorching sun by black umbrellas. The mountain and the snow on it, said Billy, were gifts of God, whose throne is much higher. At the crucial moment, when he asked the listeners to raise their hands to witness their "decisions," no one did. Undaunted, Billy gently asked again through his Swahili interpreter: "You have not understood what I said. Listen carefully: you have never repented of your sins. You are willing to pay the price even if it means death. Now lift your hands." Thousands of hands shot into the air.

On a visit to a mountain village, Billy encountered a crew of boozey women balancing beer cans on their heads, who boisterously told him that if he wanted to take pictures of them, he would have to pay. "Boy! We're having some party," an outsize tribesman yelled. Invited to join in an exuberant native dance, Billy took a tentative couple of steps, then thought better of it. Drawing himself up, he lectured the dancers: "When you have Christ in your hearts, you won't want to get drunk again." As he left the startled celebrators, he mused: "Somehow I don't think I made much impression on them, but you never know!"

What God Did. Moving west to Usumbura, in the Belgian-administered trust territory of Ruanda Urundi, Graham spoke to what he said was one of the toughest groups he had ever had to handle—a noisy, restless crowd of 5,000. Many had trudged miles over rough country, slept nights by mountain trails in the rain. Graham gave them one of the most eloquent talks of his African tour, contrasted the majesty of God with the smallness of man. "How could mighty God speak to us little people? God looked down from Heaven, and he wanted to talk to us. But could he? We so little, he so big. You know what he did? Now

listen carefully. Mighty God became a man, and that's who Jesus Christ was."

Billy proved as adroit and magnetic off the platform as on it. In Kenya, when Kikuyu women in bright-colored print dresses presented him with a head basket for his wife, he jauntily put it on his own head. When he was challenged by a confident Mohammedan missionary to a "duel" of healing the sick, Graham smiled and said: "The Lord has not given me the power of healing. He has only given me the power of speaking."

Demons at the Wheel. A few days later, Billy moved north to Addis Ababa. The Ethiopians responded eagerly, though

traditionally founded by St. Mark. Last of all, he visited the Holy Land. Split between Arabs and Jews, the country of the Prophets and Apostles presents formidable problems to a modern Christian evangelist, but Billy's warm enthusiasm carried the day. In four days on the Jordanian side last week, he visited King Hussein, the Dead Sea, and the town of Nablus, where he listened raptly to the sound of a cup of water dropped the 85 feet down Jacob's well, and took up an impromptu collection for 344 Samaritans there.

Meditating in Jerusalem's dark and crumbling Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the traditional site of the Crucifixion, he looked uncomfortable when a guide gave him a candle, obviously felt better when he was able to put the liturgical symbol



PATRIARCH KYRILOS VI (LEFT) & EVANGELIST GRAHAM
"God has some reason for keeping me awake."

some fancied themselves more sophisticated than their neighbors to the south. Grumbled one patriarch: "Why is this man trying to bring Christ to our ancient land which adopted Christianity 1,600 years ago? Let him go into the bush and Christianize the heathen." But when Billy asked for those prepared to come to Christ, the hands went up. (When he asked for the hands of those who had ever stolen, and half jokingly added that police were present, not a single hand rose.)


Everywhere, Billy warmly praised Africa's Protestant missionaries, who spent months priming their Christian charges for his arrival, now must keep their faith from flagging when he leaves. But, he added: "These wonderful people drive like demons. They want you to see everything, and roar along pitted dirt roads at break-neck speed, all the while talking with their hands and looking at you instead of the cows, people and bicycles."

Preaching or Proselytizing. From Addis Ababa, he went to Cairo, where he paid his respects to Coptic Patriarch Kyrillos VI—the 116th leader of the church

to work lighting his way down a pitch-dark flight of stairs.

When a Jordanian radio reporter threw him a curve question about the Israeli-Arab conflict, Billy calmly answered that the Christian injunction is to turn the other cheek. Then, before crossing the Jordan-Israel border at the Mandelbaum Gate, he reminded his listeners that he had not come "to convert Jews but to preach to Christians." (The Christian population of Israel: 45,000.)

He found a storm blown up for him in the Israeli press last week over whether his sponsors, Israel's Protestant United Christian Council, should be allowed to hire the 2,700-capacity Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv. First the auditorium was refused (commented the chief rabbinite: "All missionary activity is objectionable. Dr. Graham's purpose is conversion and therefore falls in the category of such activity"). Premier Ben-Gurion on tour in the U.S. had cabled that he had no objections to Billy Graham's using the Mann Auditorium, provided that he refrained from mentioning Jesus Christ before a Jewish audience. The United Christian

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, exuberant, articulate, uncowed by tradition for its own sake, combines the unusual multiple talents of composer, pianist, conductor and commentator. These qualities propel him to act as the natural bridge between music-making and its immediate enjoyment. However exceptional his technical skill, it is essentially his imaginative interpretation and ability to communicate emotion to his listeners that earn him a unique status as a modern musician. Little children enter his kingdom. So do businessmen, butchers, bank clerks, bar hops, beatniks and maestros of the old school. For, the leonine Mr. Bernstein intends to be heard and comprehended. To this impassioned end, he conducts, talks, writes, televises, travels and records for COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS. Vitality himself, he seizes the world around him and simultaneously rushes to share it with you. 



Council finally picked a church in Jaffa for him.

A Lot of Fires. Two hours after he checked into his suite at Jerusalem's King David Hotel, Billy Graham went into a closed session with Israeli officials and emerged to tell reporters that he had come to see friends, the holy places, and the new nation. And "I have also come to preach the Gospel—that is to give a few talks—to the Christian community here. And if people other than Christians come, I'll not keep them away."

An overflow crowd of 2,000—about 70% Jews—showed up for his first public meeting in Haifa. At the end, some 200 people (about 50 of them Jews) came down the aisle to make their decisions for Christ. Cracked one of them: "Graham has brought more Jews into the church than anyone since the time of Jesus."

This week, as Billy took a plane for Paris and home, a local missionary said: "That man kindled a lot of fires in Africa. It's up to us now to keep them burning."



Relig. out. News Service

BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH
"Don't feel sorry for him."

"The Normal Risk"

I don't feel inclined to get off the earth just because some people dislike my religion. Internment and death are simply the normal risks that are inherent in our state of life, a small price to pay for carrying out our duty—in our particular case a privilege because it would associate us a little more intimately in the cross of Christ.

So wrote Roman Catholic Bishop James Edward Walsh from China to his superiors in the U.S. in 1936 when the Chinese Communists offered to repatriate him. Last week, after a two-day trial by an "Intermediate People's Court" in Shanghai, 68-year-old Bishop Walsh, arrested two years ago, was sentenced to 20 years for espionage and conspiracy.

Hot on the Ground. "If love is a crime, then he is guilty," said Msgr. John F. Donovan, vicar-general of the Maryknoll Fathers last week, looking back over Bishop Walsh's long career. Maryland-born Jimmy Walsh had been one of the six original students at Maryknoll Seminary for missionaries in Ossining, N.Y., and in 1918 the young priest became a member of the first Maryknoll group of four missionary priests to be sent to China. In 1927, when the mission became a vicariate, he became its first bishop. Bishop Walsh returned to the U.S. in 1936 to serve as superior-general of the Maryknoll Fathers. Cardinal Spellman sent him back to China again in 1948 as executive secretary of the Catholic Central Bureau, coordinating all missionary, cultural, welfare and educational activities of the church in China.

When the Communists took over eleven years ago, Bishop Walsh fell under constant surveillance and expected arrest momentarily. But it did not come. Once, when he was staying with a group of Chinese priests, the police arrived to arrest them. Bishop Walsh, assuming that he was included, packed his bag and went out to join the others. When the police turned him back, according to a colleague, Bishop Walsh was so angry that he threw his hat on the ground and jumped on it. In 1955, the Communists offered to repatriate him along with 21 other Americans, but James E. Walsh refused.

Gymnastics of Dawn. Along with Bishop Walsh, 13 Chinese priests were sentenced in Shanghai to terms from five to 25 years. And there was one life sentence—for Bishop Ignatius Kung Ping-mei of Soochow. Slender, smiling Kung Ping-mei, 59, has all the qualifications to make himself hated by the Reds. Born to a wealthy Roman Catholic family in a small town near Shanghai, he studied for the priesthood in Shanghai's French Jesuit College at Zikawei, where he learned to speak perfect French and imperfect English and to understand Westerners. Father Kung specialized in education, showed notable skill as director of Shanghai's Song Hong School and later St. Louis College. In 1949, as the Communists took power, he was made Bishop of Soochow.

From the beginning, Bishop Kung knew what was in store for Chinese Christians, and that compromise was useless. But he was not arrested until 1955. The charges: 1) opposing the Communist plan to set up a schismatic Catholicism free of Vatican control, 2) opposing land reform and the Chinese assault on Korea and 3) protecting "counter-revolutionaries."

U.S. Secretary of State Herter moved last week to make "the strongest possible protest" against the sentences. But it is doubtful whether Bishops Walsh or Kung will ever emerge from prison. But his old friends in Hong Kong are more proud than sad at the news of his trial. Said one: "Bishop Walsh wanted to share the agony and the suffering of the Chinese priests. Don't feel sorry for him. He's where he wants to be, doing what he wants to do."

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MASSACHUSETTS SKINDIVERS AT PLAY
In water cold enough to freeze, a few dare

Poet of the Depths

(See Cover)

From birth, man carries the weight of gravity on his shoulders. He is bolted to earth. But man has only to sink beneath the surface and he is free. Buoyed by water, he can fly in any direction—up, down, sideways—by merely flipping his hand. Under water, man becomes an angel.

—Cousteau

The water may be the turquoise Mediterranean an ice-skimmed quarry in Vermont; the translucent waters off Bermuda the Pacific, rolling in majestic rhythm toward the shores of San Diego. Around the world and across the nation, swimmers are sinking beneath the surface to fly like angels through an alien realm. This fascinating new playground, alive with beauty and tinged with danger, belongs to the skindiver.

Off Cannes skindivers soar around beds of jeweled coral—reds, violets, purples, yellows—in pursuit of sea bass and mullet. In Australia they prowl the caverns of the mile Great Barrier Reef, or play tag with the gregarious seals that frolic off Carnac Island. Near London, divers happily muddle through the ooze of a dark lake in Black Park.

But the surrounding seas and inland lakes of the U.S. are the world's stronghold of skindiving. Since World War II, U.S. swimmers have created a mass sport out of a pastime that once belonged to an adventuresome few. This week some 1,000 dedicated U.S. skindivers are getting ready for their biggest year. They are pro halfbacks, harried housewives,

gawky teen-agers, Detroit tycoons, retired schoolmarm, sunning in Miami. For skindiving has the great virtue of letting each swimmer make his own terms with the deep. With no need to compete or excel, the skindiver can choose a way to have fun beneath the surface that suits his nerve and pocketbook.

Mask & Fin. Since the naked eye is all but blind under water, the basic equipment is a good face mask that will transform the murky into a wonderland. With the addition of a simple snorkel tube poking above the surface the swimmer can cruise indefinitely on the surface with his face buried under water. So equipped swimmers can peer for happy hours into the depths of the Gulf of Mexico or forest-bound lakes in Wisconsin, study the toothfish that fusses like an old lady off Long Island, ducking beneath the surface the strong-lunged pry abalone from the California shallows, or spear unassuming fish that hover near the surface. Experts like Miami's great Pinder brothers, Art, Fred, and Don (*SEE SHOW BUSINESS*), can easily go as deep as 70 ft., stay under for up to 100 sec., and have individually landed catches as big as an 804-lb. jewfish.

But the sport's aristocrats are the "free divers." Spurning any line to the surface, they go down with tanks of compressed air strapped to their backs, a rubber mouthpiece between their teeth, and frog-like fins on their feet. Experienced free divers—some prefer the term "scuba" for "self-contained underwater breathing apparatus"—can cruise as deep as 130 ft., for up to 15 min., or at 30 ft. for two hours.

Prince & Pugilist. Drawn by the deep, the elite free divers range from Lord Louis Mountbatten and his royal nephew

Prince Philip to Heavyweight Champion Ingemar Johansson from Russian Nuclear Physicist Bruno Pontecorvo to Gary Cooper and U.S. Rocketeer Werner von Braun.

In prince or pugilist, the underwater world stirs strange rapture. Writers of ages past, from the author of the *Book of Job* to Matthew Arnold, few of whom had ever been under water in their lives, have been inspired to imaginative fantasies about life in the depths. One modern writer who has been there is Clive Bovey Luce, playwright turned diplomat. In a memorably lyrical series for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, she reported her experiences. "What fishes like flowers, what stones like trees. The coral reefs are a golden circle of dead and living cities which dwarf in their age and beauty all the cities of man," says Ray Hoaglund, a 14-year-old electrician and one of the nation's 200,000 free divers (world total: 350,000). "We're looking for something—God knows what it is. It's not adventure and thrills. There are certain words that come close to describing it—mystery, intrigue, beauty, silence, freedom. Diving has a hold on its adherents as no other sport does. It's almost hypnotic."

Pioneer & Prophet. As any skindiver will readily admit, his sport is almost the singlehanded creation of a lean 16 ft., 154 lbs.), visionary Frenchman named Jacques-Yves Cousteau. He is, all in one, its pioneer, foremost promoter, prophet, and poet. As the developer of the Aqua-Lung, he set divers free to roam in the kingdom of the fish. With his book *The Silent World* (1953), he became diving's foremost philosopher. The prize-winning film made from the book opened the world's eyes to the magic world under the sea, sent both scientists and pleasure seekers hustling for masks and fins to see for themselves. When 130 delegates from 37



Cousteau

ling frequent fellow free divers.

SKINDIVER'S PARADISE is coral reef 70 ft. under surface of Indian Ocean near Assumption Island. Lone spotted grouper (*center*) drifts idly, while striped snappers gambol above.



JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU swims slowly toward coral at bottom of Indian Ocean in order not to panic fish, discovers a cross-banded wrasse swimming surrounded by snappers.





GRIM MEMENTO of Axis bombing in World War II is S.S. *Thistlegorm*, British freighter, now lying on bottom

of Red Sea in 103 ft. of water. Gliding past coral-encrusted bitt of sunken ship is a yellow and blue angelfish.

APRIL 1958 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



BEYOND SALVAGE. lamps, blocks and sheaves lie in hold of S.S. *Thistlegorm*, undisturbed since ship sank in

1041. Red lionfish (center) is a dangerous foe, whose venomous spines bring intense pain and even death to divers.

FRIENDLY SNAPPERS as thick as loaves cluster in Indian Ocean. Fish followed divers to their ship, were awaiting them next morning.





ANCIENT WRECK dating from 1st century B.C. was found by divers from Cousteau's ship *Calypso* in 100 ft. of water

near island of Levant off French Riviera. Diver Albert Falco swims over wine jugs, several found still corked and sealed.

ALAN WATSON © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY





TAME GROUPER nicknamed "Ulysses" (center) became star of Cousteau's award-winning film, *The Silent World*. Fish is being approached by National Geographic's Luis Marden.

PHOTO BY LUIS MARDEN FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

SEVENTY FEET below the surface of the Indian Ocean, a Cousteau diver positions twin 500-watt flood lamps fed by ship's generator to get light for color shots on the bottom.

PHOTO BY LUIS MARDEN FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE



nations met in Barcelona last week for the second annual meeting of the World Underwater Federation to exchange scientific data and draw safety rules, the president and presiding officer was, naturally, Jacques Cousteau.

Under Pressure. At 49, Cousteau looks as if he might be either an esthete or an ascetic, and he is somewhere in between. His face, hollow-cheeked, cleft by the lean curve of an aristocratic nose and scoured by furrows, might have been carved by the sea itself. His body is gnarled. "My!" said one fluttery female admirer, "have you been shrunk by pressure?"

But pressure has done nothing to repress his spirit. Cousteau can delight in eccentric garb ranging from crimson sweaters to Russian astrakhan hats. Or he can turn serious, hold an audience rapt

adventure series starring Real-Life Diver Lloyd Bridges. Equipment sales of U.S. Divers Co., American licensee for Cousteau's Aqua-Lung, tripled from 1957 to 1959, are expected to soar another 75% in 1960 alone.

At Death's Door. Fastest-growing U.S. area for skin diving is the Northeast, despite water cloudy and cold enough to dismay a mackerel. For warmth, New Englanders may pull on foam-rubber "wet" suits,* will even chip a hole through ice to get at water. In the landlocked Midwest, divers gang together for long trips to Death's Door—a channel off a Wisconsin peninsula jutting into Lake Michigan, where, tucked among hidden reefs, lie more than 200 ships dating back to the 17th century. In parched New Mexico, a club called the Dusty Divers makes

ness trip and lectures to scientific societies. Jacques Cousteau found himself surrounded by skin divers who plied him with questions far into the night. (Sample: "Can you compress air into tanks lots smaller than the ones we have now?" Answer: "Yes, but it is too expensive—the demand will have to be greater.") Typically, after one late night the irrepressible Cousteau was up at 7 o'clock, woke his traveling companions by bursting into their rooms shouting "Whoop-up!"—a cry he uses to rouse his divers at sea.

Skindiving's patron saint was born in Saint-André-de-Cubzac, a small town (pop. 4,000) near Bordeaux, which was picked for the occasion by his parents because they had both been born there. No sooner did he enter the world than the squawling Cousteau was bundled up and



International Magazine Service—Pia JOHANSSON



David Goodnow—Sports Illustrated LUCE



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COOPER

"We're looking for something—God knows what it is."

as he talks of his vocation: "I used to dream of flying—the classic attempt to get away from the reality of earth. But since I have been diving, I have not had the dream. Diving is the most fabulous satisfaction you can experience. I am miserable out of water. It is as though you had been introduced to heaven, and then found yourself back on earth. The spirituality of a man cannot be completely separated from the physical. But you have made a big step toward escape simply by lowering yourself under water."

Womb & Mother. Given openings like these, psychiatrists are studying skin diving and making of it what they will. One common theory: water is the great mother symbol; divers are only trying to get back to the womb. Another: divers get an omnipotent superman sensation from playing with danger. Whatever the lure, Freud or fun, U.S. divers are going down to the sea or the backyard pond as never before. More than 200 Y.M.C.A.s now teach free diving; more than 500 teach skin diving with held breath alone. Students at the prestigious Horace Mann School in The Bronx get classroom credits in diving, can pick up pointers by watching *Sea Hunt*, a television underwater

weekend round trips as far as 600 miles to find water, has even sought out places that just sounded wet, e.g., Fence Lake, which turned out to be completely dry.

U.S. diving has quality to match quantity. At Malta last year, the world's spearfishing championship (done with held breath alone) was won by California's rangy (6 ft. 2 in., 180 lbs.) Terry Lentz, 22, who landed 15 fish weighing 106 lbs. One of the finest free divers in the world is Security Analyst Peter Gimbel, 32, husky, Yale-bred scion of the department-store family. As a boy, Gimbel sat on the bottom of his parents' pool with a five-gallon can over his head, gulping air from a garden hose. He grew up to become a crack ocean diver, swam on the first team to reach the Italian liner *Andrea Doria*, 42 fathoms down off Nantucket.

On the Road. Last month a few lucky U.S. skin divers got a firsthand look at the great man himself. Jetting in for a busi-

ness trip and lectures to scientific societies.

Cousteau has been traveling ever since. His father, Daniel P. Cousteau, is a witty, urbane lawyer whose job consisted in being factotum and traveling companion to a pair of itinerant U.S. millionaires. The first was James Hazen Hyde, high-living son of the founder of Equitable Life Assurance Society. Back in 1905, as an Equitable vice president, Hyde had given a \$300,000 costume party in Manhattan that put the whole insurance business under outraged public scrutiny, brought on an investigation by the New York State legislature. In anger, Hyde sold his stock, huffed off to self-exile in Europe with Cousteau père as company. "One day I argued with him," says Father Cousteau. He soon found another U.S. client: Carpet Millionaire Eugene Higgins, famed as New York's most eligible bachelor. The athletic Higgins demanded that Cousteau match him in tennis, golf and swimming, once blithely entered him in a chess match with the Polish champion.

Panting around the world in father's wake, the Cousteau family covered so much ground that Jacques' earliest memory is of a tossing train hammock. At the age of ten, Jacques spent a year in a Man-

* The wet suit deliberately admits water, but fits snugly enough to prevent it from circulating. After the diver's body warms this thin layer of water, the suit prevents heat loss to the surrounding depths. The "dry" suit is usually made of thin gum rubber, is in theory (but seldom in fact) watertight.

hattan apartment on the corner of 95th Street and Broadway. He and his older brother Pierre played stickball in the streets, gained local fame by introducing two-wheeler European roller skates, and went to summer camp in Vermont.

A Theory Proved. Against all odds young Cousteau became a powerful swimmer. For six years he suffered from chronic enteritis—in his early teens he contracted anemia, and doctors advised him to avoid all strenuous activity. He also developed a technical flair that produced a three-foot, battery-powered automobile and home movies at the age of 14. But studies were a bore until Jacques, a sophomore in a French lycée, found a novel use for his school. Demonstrating his theory that a strongly thrown stone makes only a small hole in glass, he broke 17 of the building's windows.

Expelled in disgrace, Cousteau was shipped to a rigorous pension in Alsace ruled by a former German schoolteacher. The change was instantaneous. Under challenge and discipline, Cousteau turned scholar. He easily passed the tough exams for the naval academy, where he graduated second in his class ("I even studied with a flashlight in bed"). He set out to learn how to fly, had soloed and was about to graduate from the navy's air academy when he borrowed his father's Stinson sports car to go to a wedding. Rounding a curve, the headlights suddenly flickered out. When Cousteau crawled from the wreck, his left arm was broken in five places, his right was paralyzed. The doctors wanted to amputate his left arm. "I refused, thank God," says Cousteau. "You are always owner of your body."

A Jungle Discovered. To recuperate, Ensign Cousteau was assigned to shore duty at Toulon, spent hours working strength back into his arms by swimming in the Mediterranean. There in 1916 a fellow naval officer named Philippe Tailiez gave him a pair of goggles used by pearl fishermen. Cousteau put his head beneath the surface. Instantly his life was changed. There was wildlife untouched a jungle at the border of the sea, never seen by those who floated on the opaque roof.

Exploring their jungle, Cousteau and Tailiez learned to spear fish with curtain rods and knitting needles. Says Cousteau: "It fascinated me to do something that seemed impossible." But, like other little knots of skindivers around the world, they were still tethered to the surface by the need for air.

The problem had badgered divers as far back as 2000 B.C., when the Sumerians spun the tale of a swimmer who sought the weed of eternal life beneath the waves. Down through the centuries, woodcutters show submerged men hopelessly sucking on bags full of air or putting on tubes reaching to the surface. Looking for something better, Cousteau tried an oxygen lung based on a design developed by the British as early as 1858. He almost killed himself. He did not know the fatal flaw of oxygen: it becomes toxic at depths



16TH CENTURY DIVER
Are they only trying...

below 10 ft. Twice Cousteau had convulsive spasms he was barely able to drop his weights and make the surface.

Laughing Matter. Cousteau allowed World War II to distract him only briefly and at intervals from his search. He served as gunnery officer on the cruiser Dupleix. After France's surrender he stayed in the navy in Occupied France but worked for the underground, over-

seas divers have an even advantage: they recycle the diver's carbon dioxide through a purifier, let air bubbles escape to the surface. For this reason they are used by military frogmen, who would be betrayed by the telltale stream of bubbles from a compressor at the tank which discharges spent breath into the water.



17TH CENTURY DIVER
...to get back to the womb?

posing as an Italian officer, he led a party into the Italian headquarters at Sète and spent four taut hours photographing a code book and top-secret papers. Cousteau will say little about his experiences: "I have always hated espionage and secret-service work, and I still do. I think it is unattractive."

Under the eyes of the indifferent Germans, Cousteau worked with a brilliant engineer named Emile Gagnon to develop a lung that would automatically feed him safe compressed air so that he could swim with both arms. To be safe, a diver must have air in his lungs at the same pressure as the surrounding water. With less pressure, his lungs may be crushed; with more, they may expand until they rupture. To survive, Cousteau required a device that gave a diver air at pressures that matched the changing weight of water as he sank and rose.

Finally the two experimenters hit upon the heart of the Aqua-Lung: a valve the size of an alarm clock, which lets highly compressed air escape from a tank until it balances the water pressure, then feeds it to the diver through a mouthpiece. One day in 1943 Cousteau posted Skindiver Frédéric Dumas as a lifeguard, waddled out into the Mediterranean under the colb, Aqua-Lung, and realized his dream. He was free. "I experimented with all possible maneuvers—loops, somersaults and barrel rolls. I stood upside down on one finger and burst out laughing, a shrill, distorted laugh. Nothing I did altered the automatic rhythm of the air. Delivered from gravity and buoyancy, I flew around in space."

Fear on the Reef. Cousteau could scarcely wait for the war to end to develop his new discovery. He sold the French navy on the virtues of the Aqua-Lung, soon got leave for government-backed oceanographic work on the 360-ton *Culypso*, a converted minesweeper from the British Royal Navy. Aboard the *Culypso*, Cousteau gathered the material and shot the films that were to bring sudden fame to diving and himself. *The Silent World*, written originally in English, was published in the U.S. in 1953 sold more than 486,000 copies (worldwide sale: 1,000,000). His 86-minute color film of the same name won the Grand Prix at the 1956 Cannes Film Festival, and an Academy Award in 1957.

As his horizons expanded, the naturalist in Cousteau soon became disgusted with spearfishing, and he gave it up. "We have a tremendous responsibility to nature," he noted that the fish quickly became wary of the spearfisherman. "An atmosphere builds up in a reef that is understood by the younger fish," Cousteau. "The fish learn to avoid the man with the gun. The longer the gun, the farther away the fish keep."

Web & Wine. For new sport, Cousteau turned to prowling about the skeletons of ships on the ocean floor. Unless the ship is anything, he has no interest in salvaging anything. He just wants to look. "I am absolutely enraptured by the as-



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SPALDING
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nosphere of a wreck. A dead ship is the house of a tremendous amount of life—fish and plants. The mixture of life and death is mysterious, even religious. There is the same sense of peace and mood that you feel on entering a cathedral.

His greatest find is a 1,000-ton Roman freighter owned by one Marcus Sestius, which sank in 140 ft. of water ten miles off Marseille about 205 B.C.—the oldest seagoing vessel ever found. It had a cargo of 10,000 amphorae filled with Greek and Roman wine, and a great store of black-dinnerware of untold value to modern archaeologists.

In recent years Cousteau has put himself more and more at the service of science. He resigned from the navy in 1956 with the rank of *capitaine des corvettes*, now sits at the center of a bewildering web of profitmaking, nonprofit and governmental enterprises. He is director of Monaco's first-rate Museum of Oceanography, founded in 1910 by Prince Albert I of Monaco, the great-grandfather of Free Diver Prince Rainier. Cousteau is also head of France's Underwater Research Center. He is backed in part by the French government, and in part by Washington, D.C.'s National Geographic Society, takes up the slack with profits from his business firms. In addition to controlling the Aqua-Lung patents, he runs on the side a film company, dubbed Associated Sharks as his own wry commentary on the ethics of the trade. Even so, Cousteau's wife has sold many a belonging to hold the spider web together for the sake of science.

Cousteau's main concern is getting information from the deep, not interpreting it. His most recent invention is a two-man diving "saucer" that operates free of the surface, maneuvers by electrically powered jets of water, can go down to 1,000 ft. In the works: an improved saucer that will reach 2,000 ft.; a tiny, two-man submersible that will stay down four days at 12,000 ft. Though he insists he is no scientist, Cousteau has the warm support of scientists around the world for his ceaseless searching of the sea. Concedes Director Roger Revelle of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, who calls Cousteau the founder of undersea archaeology: "Cousteau's patron saint should be Ulysses, not Aristotle."

Surrealistic Sailor. Cousteau and his wife Simone, a pert, green-eyed blonde with a lineage of French admirals, have a sprawling mansion in Monaco, a Paris apartment, a hideaway on the Riviera. "I have no home. My clothes are spread all over the world," says Cousteau cheerfully. Nearest thing to home is the bare cation of the *Calypso*, where they may spend months at a time. Simone has become an expert Aqua-Lunger, tags along when Cousteau goes diving with their two sons, Jean-Michel, 21, and Philippe, 19. Cousteau declares that neither of them has ever gone swimming without mask and fins. "They consider it *inferme*, and I think they are right."

Over the years, Cousteau has become

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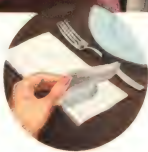


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as complex as any phenomenon he finds in the sea. He has tried his hand at painting (his pictures turn out vaguely surrealistic), relaxes aboard the *Calypto* with an accordion. Despite his scholarly air, accented by amber, half-lens spectacles, Cousteau is a man with an antic turn of mind, loves to improvise wacky film scenarios (a nearsighted bull gets contact lenses, routs the matador and escapes, only to starve because he cannot see the grass). But Cousteau is also a leader of men. When an inexperienced diver drowned trying to find the anchor of *Calypto*, Cousteau pulled on the dead man's Aqua-Lung and told his shaken crew: "I'm going down for the anchor. Those of you who want to help, follow me." The men followed. Cousteau found the anchor.

Records & Rapture. Cousteau maintains that he had no idea what he had started when he first stood on his finger and laughed aloud in his Aqua-Lung. Whole new fields are opening up for free divers, who, like Cousteau, soon tire of skewering fish as too easy (cracks one Frenchman: "It's like chasing elephants in a sports car"). The move is toward wreck-hounding, tracing underground springs through black and frigid waters, studying rock and reef, and taking underwater color movies. Equipped with Aqua-Lungs, divers are gradually taking over much of the work of the traditional helmeted diver. They hunt for jade off California, sink oil derricks off Louisiana, scrounge for sponge and pearl in the Mediterranean, raise cannon, coins and crucifixes from Spanish galleons sunk off Florida, and hoist history from ancient submerged towns such as Epidauros, which disappeared in a tidal wave off Yugoslavia in A.D. 305. Last week a Methodist minister and sometime oceanographer from Kansas City donned an Aqua-Lung and plunged into the Dead Sea—avowedly in search of the lost cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

With everyone getting into the swim, Cousteau and his fellow experts fret about safety. They deplore any attempt to set records, either with or without an Aqua-Lung. * Snaps Cousteau: "It does not depend on your ability as a diver. You are just finding out what your physique can stand that day." Last year the Portuguese spearfishing champion, a top-flight French diver and two strong Americans drowned because apparently they blacked out while swimming with held breath, and gulped water. In place of spearfishing competition, Cousteau would like to see surface races between swimmers wearing masks and foot fins, hopes to start such meets in Italy this summer.

Bands & Bubbles. For the untrained or careless diver, Aqua-Lunging presents a host of dangers: swimming too long in

cold water can subtly bleed off his body heat until he finds himself suddenly exhausted; holding his breath during the last 30 ft. of ascent can rupture his lungs as they expand under the rapidly decreasing pressure; successive deep descents can cripple him with the old diver's disease of the bends unless he decompresses the nitrogen bubbles in his blood by lingering at graduated stages on his way up.

Most treacherous of all is nitrogen narcosis—"rapture of the depths." Below 140 ft. the buildup of nitrogen in a diver's body somehow drugs his senses as alcohol does. Magnificently drunk, the diver becomes an underwater god. He may offer his mouthpiece to a passing fish. Maurice Fargues, a great diver on the Cousteau



Associated Press
COUSTEAU & WIFE
"I am miserable out of water."

team, was brought up dead from 394 ft., his mouthpiece hanging loose around his neck. "I personally am quite receptive to nitrogen narcosis," says Cousteau. "I love it and fear it like doom."

Calm in the Deep. In contrast, Cousteau has no fear at all of the manta ray and the barracuda, two overrated killers of the deep. Sharks are a more puzzling matter. "There is a threat from sharks," admits Cousteau, "but it is very, very small. The last thing for a diver to do is to flee. The good diver stays and faces the shark." Cousteau's men never use knives or guns on sharks because of the danger of provoking attack, shove away intruders with clubs made of broomsticks cut in half. Cousteau himself once routed a shark by socking it on the snout with his camera. But Cousteau readily concedes that sharks can be unpredictable; one once nipped Art Pinder's stern black and blue. The safest place when sharks prowling is under water; as scavengers, they are used to snapping up anything floating on the surface.

To make the sport as safe as a Saturday-

night bath, Cousteau recommends a rigorous training course that, among other things, requires two divers to exchange all their equipment in 15 ft. of water. The best divers are reflective, methodical men who calmly do all the right things in a jam. They need not be especially powerful—in the weightless, silent world, a twitch of a flipper can provide all the power needed. Cousteau is convinced that nearly anyone with adequate training and common sense can learn to dive with an Aqua-Lung. Says he: "Free diving is safer than motorcycling."

Men into Fish. In fact, Cousteau looks forward to the day when free diving will be so commonplace that farmers in Aqua-Lungs will harvest crops of fish and plants cultivated in special concrete shelters. Peering far into the future, Cousteau predicts that surgery will save man gills, enable him to "breathe" water, set him free as a fish for years beneath the sea. A second operation could easily return him to life in the air. "Everything that has been done on the surface will sooner or later be done under water," says Cousteau. "It will be the conquest of a whole new world."

In the meantime, with free diving still a new sport, Cousteau urges swimmers to take down an underwater lamp ("The colors that will emerge are incredible"), suggests a descent in open ocean for the more experienced ("Nothing above, nothing below, nothing on either side—it is an astonishing impression"). Beyond that, Skindiver Cousteau does not presume to pinpoint the pleasures of his sport. "What would you advise a baby to do when it is first born?" asks Cousteau. "When a person takes his first dive, he is born to another world."

Scoreboard

¶ In a battle of centers, Ohio State's Sophomore Jerry Lucas (6 ft. 7½ in., 228 lbs.) scored 16 points and grabbed ten rebounds, completely outplayed California's Senior Darrall Imhoff (6 ft. 10 in., 210 lbs.), to lead his team to 75-55 victory and the N.C.A.A. championship in San Francisco.

¶ In Madison Square Garden, hustling Bradley University came from behind to defeat outmanned Providence College, 88-72, to win the 23rd National Invitation Tournament.

¶ Burly (6 ft. 3 in., 242 lbs.) Lieut. Bill Nieder, 26, hurled the 16-lb. shot 63 ft. 10 in. in an invitational meet at Stanford University to smash the official world record of Los Angeles' Parry O'Brien (63 ft. 2 in.) and the pending mark of the University of Southern California's Dallas Long (63 ft. 7 in.). On the record, it looked as if U.S. shotputters might finish one-two-three at the Olympics this August in Rome.

¶ Loaded with fast-skating Canadians, the University of Denver won the 13th N.C.A.A. hockey championship with a 5-3 defeat of Michigan Tech, another Canadian-packed team, was pronounced the finest college team in history by experts at rinkside in Boston.

* In a field of conflicting claims, skindivers believe that the deepest descent with held breath was made by a Greek sponge diver named Stotti Georgios, who in 1913 swam down 200 ft. to put a line on the lost anchor of an Italian battleship. Dumas' dive to 307 ft. with an Aqua-Lung is regarded as the record for free diving.

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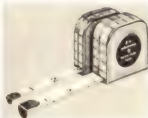
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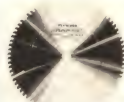
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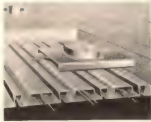
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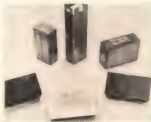
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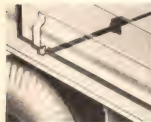
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Leprosy in Paradise

In Pago Pago, storied capital of the paradise islands of American Samoa, there was pandemonium last week over allegations that leprosy was spreading alarmingly among the territory's 20,000 people and was being shamefully neglected.

The charge came from a physician with an unusual background. Los Angeles-born Donald L. Donohugh was 17 when Pearl Harbor interrupted his premedical studies at U.C.L.A. He enlisted, then got an appointment to the Naval Academy. Graduating in 1946, Donohugh served six years (through the Korean war) before he could get to medical school (California '56). After interning in San Diego and a residency in Monterey, he signed up for a two-year stint as a civilian medical officer in Samoa, took his wife and children to Pago Pago. There, last month, convinced that his alarm signals about leprosy were getting no results, Dr. Donohugh decided to throw his Navy training to the winds. Instead of proceeding only through channels, he labeled his charges "for wider dissemination" and slipped a copy to a newspaper. What happened after that would have been grist for Somerset Maugham to grind out a sequel to *Rain*.

Drugs Delayed. Asserted Dr. Donohugh: the spread of leprosy in American Samoa has assumed "ominous proportions in recent years." One reason, he suggested, is that the admittedly low infectiousness of leprosy in well-doctored communities is breeding a false sense of security about places like Samoa, where dress, climate, and social and personal habits speed its spread. The disease did not reach the U.S. islands until 1918; in 1930 there were only three cases; by 1950 there were 42, and now he claims to have traced 232. Dr. Donohugh pointed an alarming picture of what might happen in American Samoa by analogy with the flyspeck island of Nauru, where one leprosy victim landed in 1912 and by 1927 the disease had infected 750 people (one-third of the population). And in a recent survey in the Manua group of outer islands, 53 out of 1,521 people showed suspicious signs, and they were so marked in 52 cases that Dr. Donohugh thought he could diagnose leprosy on the spot.

Dr. Donohugh's main complaint: inaction, resulting from lack of interest and shortage of funds. The first of the modern effective antileprosy drugs did not reach Samoa until 1951, eight years late. Today this drug (DDS, for diaminodiphenylsulfone) is still the only one available there because it is the cheapest, though Dr. Donohugh believes later drugs would be more effective. And the tumbledown barracks building under a banyan tree used as a leprosarium, is in such disrepair that Dr. Donohugh suggested the only thing to do was to burn it down.

"Pack at Once." The circuits crackled as soon as the Department of the Interior heard of Dr. Donohugh's "wider disse-

mination" of his blast, and the humid Pago Pago became electric. Governor Peter T. (for Tali) Coleman* called in Dr. Lawrence H. Winter, 44, the island's director of medical services, and Donohugh's boss. On the strength of Dr. Winter's complaints about Dr. Donohugh and his ultimatum ("Either he goes or I go"), Coleman summarily dismissed Donohugh, though his contract had three months to run, ordered him to pack and get out of the islands with his family this week. Dr. Donohugh protested that this gave him no time to get an attorney from the



DR. DONOHUGH & PATIENT
Too ominous to keep in channels.

U.S. to fight his appeal against dismissal, had to use ham radio friends to get quick word through to his father in Los Angeles for relay to California's Congressman Cecil King.

Dr. Winter questioned Dr. Donohugh's estimates of the growth in numbers of leprosy cases, but admitted there is a problem that cannot be resolved on the island's leprosy budget of \$4,000 a year (less than the budgeted cost per leprosy patient in the U.S.). Last week Interior officials arranged with the U.S. Public Health Service to send a team of expert leprologists to Samoa.

The department also decided that it would be poor public relations to boot Dr. Donohugh out, no matter how wrong it considered him. On its advice, Governor Coleman stayed his deportation order until the PHS crew could get there and Dr. Donohugh could present his evidence to them. Meanwhile, Dr. Donohugh

* The territory's first native-born Governor: son of an ex-Navyman who married a full-blooded Polynesian.



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was threatening suits for libel and slander. And in Pago Pago the rain beat down on elephant-iron roofs, and its nerve-racking effect was the same as when Physician Maugham dropped in almost 50 years ago.

The Psyche in 3-D

In Hollywood, it was only natural that psychiatric patients undergoing analytic treatment should have visions in wide screen, full color, and observe themselves from cloud nine. What was remarkable was that these phenomena—experienced by (among others) such glossy public personalities as Cary Grant and his third ex-wife, Betsy Drake—were reported in the cold, grey scientific columns of the A.M.A.'s *Archives of General Psychiatry*.

Reason for the many-colored recall of events dating back to the first year of life, and the accelerated recovery of about half the patients, was the use, in combination with orthodox psychotherapy, of one of the most potent drugs known to man: lysergic acid diethylamide. Trade-named Delysid by Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, it is usually known by its early lab designation, LSD-25 (*TIME*, June 28, 1954 *et seq.*).

LSD first won fame for its power, in microscopic doses, to induce hallucinations and a psychotic state—both temporary—roughly parallel to those of schizophrenia. But several psychiatrists on both sides of the Atlantic have sought to turn the drug to advantage in treating real mental illnesses. Now, from the Psychiatric Institute of Beverly Hills, Drs. Arthur L. Chandler and Mortimer A. Hartman report using LSD as a "facilitating agent" in treating 110 patients.

"Treat Thyself." Instead of the normal 30-minute hour on the couch, a patient being "facilitated" by LSD must go through an elaborate routine. First is a screening to exclude the severely depressed, including potential suicides, and those adjudged in danger of a severe emotional breakdown (psychosis). Then, after four foodless hours, the patients are ensconced on a couch in a comfortable, carpeted room with classical music piped in. After the tasteless shot of as little as a millionth of an ounce of LSD in water, they lie down and are fitted with blinders (a "sleep shield"). To make sure that they shut out external stimuli, some also wear wax and cotton earplugs.

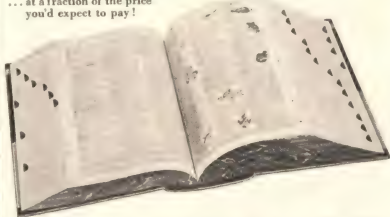
The drug's effects begin to show within 15 minutes to two hours; a single LSD-psychotherapy session may last five to six hours. Half an hour before it ends, the doctors give an antagonist drug (usually secobarbital or chlorpromazine) to cut short LSD's lingering effects; they make sure that the patient does not drive home, and they often prescribe sedatives for the next couple of days.

Even with all these safeguards, say Drs. Chandler and Hartman, LSD treatment can still be dangerous unless the psychiatrist has had plenty of it himself. It is not enough for him to have taken it once or twice "to see what it's like"; they insist that the psychiatrist should have had 20 to 40 sessions with it.

While the drug takes effect, they re-

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port, the patient may show a variety of physical reactions: twisting, trembling, posturing, wringing his hands, laughing, crying, or curling up in the fetal position. He may feel unnaturally hot or cold, unduly sensitive to sound, tingling or numb, sexually aroused—or in severe pain. The pain, they believe, is often associated with the repressed memory of some injurious childhood experience, so it is an important factor in the psychotherapy.

God & the Devil. As the drug's effect deepens,* the patient has illusions—not hallucinations, the doctors insist, because he does not believe in them. Instead of "hearing voices," as in schizophrenia, he enjoys visions. These visions may be timeless and seemingly unrelated to past or present experience. But often they consist of incredibly vivid, colorful scenes from the recent past, or from a childhood remembered with superhuman accuracy: "Some patients describe it by saying that it is as though a 3-D tape were being run off in the visual field." Long-forgotten childhood fantasies may be mixed with real memories, some going back (as patients testify that their parents have confirmed) to life's first year.

Family conflicts may be projected onto the LSD screen in puppet shows, acted out by Disney characters. Symbolic of emotional disturbance are dragons, witches, fairies and satyrs. There may be fantasies of seeing God and the Devil "locked in mortal cosmic combat."

Whatever the visions' content, most important is the fact that the patient seems able to stand aside and report vividly observed conflicts, dredged from his deepest unconscious and acted out before him. Somehow, his sharpened insight is able to function independently of his emotions. The more he "goes with the drug," the more he can stand aside and "see himself" as he has been, resisting reality and rationalizing his behavior. He learns that "in the world of psychic reality, a great many things . . . have no correspondence to facts in the objective world. [But] these psychic realities . . . may be the very ones which, when repressed, give him trouble in his dealings with the objective world."

Addicts' insights. Who benefits from LSD plus psychotherapy? Drs. Chandler and Hartman had 44 neurotics, 25 cases of personality disorder (including schizoid, paranoid, and eight patients with extreme compulsiveness), and 17 who had been addicted to alcohol or narcotics or both. Most of the patients took LSD dozens of times in stepped-up doses. (There appears to be no danger of addiction.) No fewer than 50 of their patients, the doctors report, showed considerable to outstanding improvement, while 38 more showed at least some improvement. Only 22 were rated as having shown no benefit. Most gratifying was the success

* Paradoxically, notes Boston's Dr. Max Rinkel, in mice (and presumably in man) LSD concentrates less in the brain than in any other major organ, and is far below its highest brain concentration when the psychological effects are greatest. So how it works is a mystery.



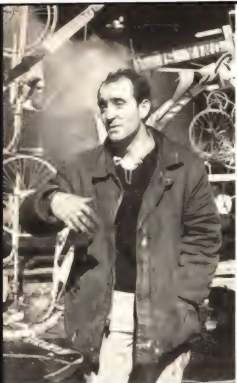
PATIENT CARY GRANT
From a vision, a tough inner core.

with victims of notoriously resistant types of illness—addicts and obsessive-compulsives.

LSD is still an investigational drug (not available for general prescription), its distribution closely controlled by law, and watchdogged by Sandoz. Like a score of other physicians doing research on LSD, Drs. Chandler and Hartman emphasize that by itself it cures nothing. Its apparent value lies in boosting—and accelerating—the benefits to be gained from orthodox psychiatry. One of their patients made a good recovery in less than a year, after six years of drugless couch work had failed.

In the East, Manhattan's Dr. Harold A. Abramson has pioneered with LSD in group experiments. In Saskatoon, Sask., and at New Westminster, B.C., Dr. Abram Hoffer has used it determinedly on alcoholics, has found that while it is no chemical cure, the heightened insight that it gives enables patients to see the emotional basis of their problem drinking. Whereas Alcoholics Anonymous usually claims success in only 50%-60% of run-of-the-still cases, Dr. Hoffer has dried out 50% of the 100-proof cases who had been failures in A.A.

In Hollywood, word of LSD's powers inevitably circulated with the martinis, led to a fad to try it. An osteopathic psychiatrist gave it experimentally to a number of the curious, including famed Novelist-Mystic Aldous (*The Doors of Perception*) Huxley. Among the Chandler-Hartman patients were several movie notables, whom the doctors refused, because of professional ethics, to name. But some named themselves. One of these was durable Actor Grant, 56, who emerged from therapy to give a confused account of what had aided him during a long and successful career, but he was convinced that he had at last found "a tougher inner core of strength."



TINGUELY & MACHINE

Homage to New York?

"A machine that destroys itself," was the billing, and it proved irresistible to Manhattan's earnest pursuers of the avant-garde. Last week some 250 of them braved cold and slush to watch as Switzerland's Jean Tinguely fiddled and fussed with his 27-ft.-high tangle of white-painted iron in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. An hour and a half later, the suicide-fated machine started flaming and sawing at its mixed-up insides, turned balky despite several judiciously aimed kicks from its creator, got doused sometimes by an anxious fireman and had to be finished off with an ax.

Tinguely had spent three weeks preparing his *gismo*, which he called *Homage to New York*. "New York is a phallic city," he explained, adding that he could not possibly have conceived of a suicidal sculpture anywhere else. His materials included a meteorological trial balloon, many bottles (to break), an upright piano, a go-cart, a bathtub, hammers and saws, six bicycle wheels and sundry other items, picked for the most part from New Jersey dumps.

The crowd was patient, and only booed the intruding fireman (who may have remembered that the Modern was almost destroyed by fire a scant two years ago). What the connoisseurs witnessed for their pains was an unbecoming joke with no punch line. As the *New York Times's* Critic John Canaday gently put it: "Mr. Tinguely makes fools of machines while the rest of mankind permits machines to make fools of them. Tinguely's machine wasn't quite good enough, as a machine, to make his point."

Two of a Kind

In the late and too often lamented 1920s, when Paris was the navel of the art world, there was not one but three dogmatic painting "academies" jockeying for predominance. The first and most popular was still the followers of impressionism, who mostly painted light effects. The second, and most honored by the *cognoscenti*, was the lingering revolution of cubism, as exemplified by the works of Braque and Léger. The third and most chic was surrealism. But in 1926 a fourth group quietly challenged the reign of the other three. Dubbed the "neo-romantics," this new avant-garde consisted of Pavel Tchelitchev, Christian ("Bébé") Bérard, various forgotten men, and notably the young brothers Berman. This week Eugene Berman, now 60, is having a major show at Manhattan's Knoedler Galleries, and his brother Leonid, 63 (who dropped the family name from his *nom-de-brass* to avoid confusion), is celebrating his best sales ever. Both had remained true to the neo-romantic atmosphere.

Pictures v. Effects. Every school of painting has its weaknesses. The impressionists, as a group, put too much emphasis on mere pleasure in the effects of light. The cubists cared too exclusively for what they called "formal values." The surrealists immersed themselves in sex sadism. The neo-romantics proposed to put poetry back into art by painting such romantic subjects as ruins, beggars and misty shore-scapes in the studio, from memory, with an 18th century care for picture-making as opposed to effect making.

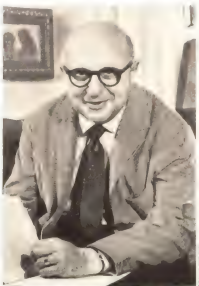
The roly-poly Berman brothers turned out to be the cream of this sothearted and hard-skilled group. The sons of a rich St. Petersburg banker, they had fled Rus-

sia at the time of the Bolshevik uprising, made their home in Paris. Both eventually married American women and are now U.S. citizens. But Eugene spends most of his time in Rome; Leonid has settled in Manhattan, looks back at Europe without regret: "It has become a museum with walls. But the future is without walls."

Dreams but Awake. Leonid makes the shore his province. No other living artist can create so much sense of the sea-space, stretching away, and of man's essential littleness. *Manila*, a snake line of Filipino net fishermen, owes much to Leonid's eyes but equally as much to his brush: it was "corrected" in the studio. "I paint a lot of pictures as though seen from a cliff," he says urbanely, "and the people as if you were down there looking at them." Why such muted colors? Leonid shrugs: "I like to see only one nuance."

Eugene Berman, the younger brother, has a one-sentence explanation of neo-romanticism: "We wanted to dream, but with our eyes open." Berman himself has painted gloomy things in the main: girls with their backs bowed and turned away, or ruins strung with clotheslines. Sometimes his paintings are packed with apparent spots of mold, as if the canvas itself were decaying. His stage sets have been much in demand for romantic ballets and operas. A *bon vivant* like his brother, he admits gloom to his studio rather than to his life. "My painting is in a minor key. I like melancholy things; I enjoy them more." Berman's *Roman Columns* (overleaf) communicates just such enjoyment of the sad.

For such a frail flower, with so few champions, neo-romanticism has survived remarkably well. Has it a future? Probably, so long as youth and disillusion last.



PAINTERS LEONID & EUGENE BERMAN



"MANILA" BY LEONID (1959)



"TWO ROMAN COLUMNS AND THREE MORE" BY EUGENE BERMAN (1958)

EDUCATION

Going Steady

The Rev. Stephen J. Daday, principal of Allentown (Pa.) Central Catholic High School, is a man of decision. Last week he tackled a teen-age affliction—going steady—and barred it among his 1,600 students. Going steady, said Father Daday, "creates distractions to make concentrated study impossible. It often leads to marriages between couples who are too immature emotionally to assume the obligations of the marriage state. It sometimes occasions what we might call 'forced marriages.'" From now on, ordered Father Daday, boys and girls who insist on going steady will be barred from honor societies, the student council, sports and other extracurricular activities. Commented one senior boy: "A lot of adults recognize the problem, but they don't do anything about it. I'm happy to see someone with guts enough to stand up to it."

The World of Uncle Bill

Marilyn Roy, 17, appeared amply qualified to enter the University of British Columbia in Vancouver. She was a high school graduate and had an IQ rating of 137 (in the top 2%). But last week the frail, bright girl pondered bitter news. Not only is she unqualified for U.B.C., but if she wants to continue her education, she must start over again in the tenth grade.

Marilyn is the first graduate of Canadian Temple Collegiate School to seek university admission, and the results are not surprising. A school in name only, Temple Collegiate (70 students) taught Marilyn such weird humbug as 1) meals must never be served on blue plates because the color affects the food, 2) teachers wear beards as antennas to receive the vibrations of the universe, 3) it is useless to learn anything from books because "you can always look it up," 4) two and two make four-plus (plus being "the experience the numbers go through").

"Abundant Life." This balderdash was devised by Temple Collegiate's proprietor, William Franklyn Wolsey, 56, who calls himself Archbishop John I of Vancouver. Born in Saskatchewan, where he quit school after the sixth grade, the bearded divine once served two years in a Milwaukee jail for abandoning his four children, later beat a rap for embezzlement. Wolsey's degree as a "biopsychologist" comes from Taylor University of Biopsychodynamic Science, a Chattanooga diploma mill. After serving in the Canadian army during World War II, he was "ordained" in London as a "Christian minister" by a former waiter at the Savoy Hotel.

For 16 years in Vancouver, "His Grace, the Most Reverend Monsignor" Wolsey has operated a ramshackle edifice called the "Temple of the More Abundant Life." For Wolsey, the abundant life has been worth an estimated \$1,500,000. Sources: a title on the faithful, and a supply of pretyped wills for the signatures of elderly women. When anyone threatens deser-

tion, the "Master of This Age" simply thunders: "If you leave, you goddamned fool, both of your children will be dead within a month."

To set up his school, Wolsey bought a former Roman Catholic seminary outside Vancouver, where as "the living Christ" he performs marriages, buries the dead, and prescribes medical treatment, e.g., keep newborn babies in a dark room with a small green light. The school's teachings are imparted by three apostles, one of them a former logger, who train the young in such arts as standing on their index fingers and making valentines for "Uncle



Henry Tregilose—Vancouver Sun
"ARCHBISHOP JOHN I"

Two and two make four-plus.

Bill" Wolsey. The archbishop himself handles a course in sex education.

"Fantastic Situation." All of this was reported last summer in a blistering exposé by the Vancouver Sun. But British Columbia's minister of education, Leslie Peterson, said he could not act unless parents complained that Temple Collegiate's students were not getting a "proper education." The parents did not complain.

Last week the case of Marilyn Roy shocked British Columbia. "An educational tragedy," fumed one U.B.C. official. "A fantastic situation," said a legislator, who called for stiffer laws to police private schools, force Temple Collegiate out of business. Said disillusioned Marilyn Roy: "I thought Uncle Bill was the leader of the world, and everything his teachers said was right."

Theory & Practice

During the five-week course just concluded at St. Peter's College in Jersey City, all the rough-and-tumble of tumultuous Jersey politics was aired in the classroom. Under the benign prodding of St. Peter's chairman of political science,

a Jesuit priest named Francis P. Canavan, local politicians blabbed trade secrets with such candor that the course drew more than a hundred students from all walks of life, regularly made Jersey headlines.

Guest lecturers took particular delight in separating theory from practice for the benefit of their students. John M. Deegan, Democratic campaign manager for Hudson County, earned the nickname "Honest John" after telling the class a first law of politics: "If businessmen don't contribute [to campaign funds], business won't be so good next year." Acknowledging that his own organization spent \$250,000 in a Senate campaign, more than double the legal limit, he shrugged: "Nobody pays attention to those things."

Tomatoes & Jail. Others offered equally frank, fascinating glimpses of political life. Hal Kierce, deputy director of Jersey City's parks department, explained how democracy functions: "In real life the average voter doesn't have much to say about the choice of candidates." Attorney Francis X. Hayes gave some career counseling: "Percentage-wise, in politics the chances for material rewards are greater for the lawyer than the layman." Hudson County Sheriff William Flanagan delved into history and also infuriated Republicans (who are threatening to sue) by suggesting that Republicans stuffed the ballot box at midnight in 1954 to assure the election of Senator Clifford Case. Said another politician: "In Jersey City, the dead still rise on election day to cast their ballots."

Practical politicians often clashed with idealistic students in class. John R. Longo, a ward boss and city personnel director, taunted a student who deplored the spoils of politics: "When I was your age, I was carried off the speaker's platform, hit in the face with tomatoes, put in jail twice. I never wanted anything, either."

Morality & Politics. Father Canavan not only brought politicians into the classroom; he also took his students out into politics. Last fall he had them round up signatures to get a referendum on the ballot authorizing a reorganization study of Jersey City's commission-type government. When the referendum won, entrenched politicians grumbled that Canavan's students were paid off in good grades.

But Canavan never lets practical politics escape the discipline of theory. A member of the American Political Science Association, he spent a year in England researching a recently published book, *The Political Reason of Edmund Burke*: "The fascinating thing about Burke was that he was able to reconcile morality with politics."

Politicians learned so much about theories of morality and students so much about practical politics in his course that Father Canavan plans to continue it as a lecture series. Even though he had to listen to a politician attack newspapers for supporting political candidates who buy full-page ads, Editor Gene Farrell of the *Jersey Journal* was only exhilarated. Said he in an editorial: "It has been a winging of a course."

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Lethbridge, Alt. *Herald*:

USE RECOMMENDED
VARIETIES OF RAPE³¹

A Beady Eye

Watching the continuing story of rigged quizzes and widespread payola roll off the presses in the past year, many radio and television spokesmen tended to criticize the newspapers for printing the news rather than blame their own industry for making it. Last week, with the chip on his shoulder showing, a Columbia Broadcasting System executive announced that his network plans to turn a beady eye on the press.

At an Advertising Federation of America convention in Lincoln, Neb., Merle S. Jones, president of CBS Television Stations Division, said television "is being attacked systematically, casually, directly and indirectly from every quarter. The public is being constantly reminded of our alleged sins in the daily press throughout the land, and significantly the stories are moving to the front pages and the editorial page. Heaven knows, television stations, their programs, their operating policies and their procedures are being quite thoroughly reviewed and previewed by the press."

To counter this criticism, said Jones, CBS will shortly start weekly programs on its five wholly owned TV stations reviewing and "critiquing" the press. "We do not plan to indulge in sophomoric criticism of competing media," he said. "But we do think it might be interesting to review from time to time such things as the placement and juxtaposition of news items. For example, we might want to make some observations regarding the size of type, the headline and front-page position given by some newspapers over the past two or three months to the affairs of Dr. Finch and Carole Trezoff. We might want to make some comment as to whether or not the really important world and community interest stories are being positioned in 'prime time' in the daily paper."

"Black like Me"

On the way to Hattiesburg, Miss., the bus pulled into a rest stop, and the white passengers got off. When one of the colored passengers, a big man in dark glasses, tried to follow them, the driver blocked his way. "Where do you think you're going?" he demanded. "I'd like to go to the rest room," the passenger said. "Does your ticket say for you to get off here?" asked the driver. "No, sir," said the passenger. "I'm going to Hattiesburg." The driver shut the bus door. "Then you get back in your seat," he commanded. "and don't you move till we get to Hattiesburg." Meekly, the passenger did as he was told.

What the driver did not know was that the man he had just intimidated was not a Negro but a white. He was John Howard Griffin, 39, Dallas-born author (*The Devil Rides Outside*) on assignment for *Sepia* magazine, a Negro monthly (circ. 61,975) published in Fort Worth. His skin darkened by pills,³² ultraviolet treatment and vegetable dye, his straight brown hair shaved to the poll, he was touring the Deep South to see how it felt to wear the black man's skin. In the current issue of *Sepia*, in the



Don R. Hedges—Black Star
JOHN GRIFFIN (COLORED)

New doubts about his own race.

first of five installments, Griffin began telling what he like.

"**The Hate Stare.**" Accepted without question as a Negro by both races, Griffin drifted through four states—Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia—well-dressed, comparatively well-heeled (\$200 in traveler's checks), obviously well-educated, under his own name and ready to reveal the truth to anyone who asked. No one asked. His skin was lilac and that was enough.

Throughout the South, Griffin encountered what he calls "the hate stare." Offering his seat to a white woman in a New Orleans streetcar, he watched her face stiffen into hostility. "What are you looking at me like that for?" she asked sharply, and turned away muttering. "They're getting sassier every day." Hitchhiking through Alabama, he was picked up by a white truck driver who inquired, with a leer, whether Griffin's wife had ever slept with a white man.

³² Griffin took Ossoralen, a drug sometimes administered to victims of vitiligo, a disease that produces milk-white patches on the skin. The drug makes the skin extraordinarily sensitive to ultraviolet rays; under sunlight or sunlight exposure, the skin turns a deep brown.

informed him that "we're doing your race a favor to get some white blood into your kids." A factory foreman in Mobile, to whom Griffin applied for a job, told him coldly: "We don't want you people. We're gradually getting you people weeded out from the better jobs at this plant. Pretty soon we'll have it so the only kind of jobs you can get here are the ones no white man would have." Whenever he went, he could get only the most menial work.

The Dark Night. Griffin began his masquerade with the feeling that as a Southern white, he lacked compassion for the Negro, as well as a true understanding



JOHN GRIFFIN (WHITE)

of the Negro's lot. His four-week journey strengthened both of these impressions. "I had no idea what they have to go through," he said. "I literally bawled myself to sleep some nights. I learned that when it is night, when it is dark, then the Negro feels safest. Langston Hughes's line, 'Night coming tenderly—Black like me,' has real meaning."

After four weeks as a Negro, Griffin harbors new doubts about his own race. "I like to see good in the white man he said last week. But after this experience, it's hard to find it in the Southern white."

Dimmed Stars and Stripes

Born of war, the *Stars and Stripes*, Armed Services-directed daily newspaper of U.S. troops abroad, was not designed to survive peace. But in the era of the cold war, with some 700,000 U.S. servicemen and attached civilians scattered around the globe, it has survived with unprecedented peacetime proportions; in separate Atlantic and Pacific editions, it has a circulation of 211,000 in 37 countries.

From a converted Luftwaffe base at

³³ From Hughes's poem "Dream Variations."

³¹ A turnip-like herb whose seed is rich in oil.

Darmstadt, West Germany, on grounds fitted with tennis courts and a swimming pool, the European edition of 150,000 goes out to armed forces people from Iceland to Morocco. The Darmstadt editorial staff of 94 is supplemented by bureaus and district offices in nine countries. The paper they produce is a 24-page tabloid largely filled with wire service news and the familiar staples of U.S. journalism: comics (in color on Sunday), crossword puzzles and features. The similar Pacific *Stars and Stripes*, published in Tokyo, distributes its 61,000 press run from Pakistan to the Aleutian Islands.

Unwelcome Brass. With all its size and success, the peacetime *Stars and Stripes* is only a dim reflection of its violent and lustrous past. First published intermittently by Union troops during the Civil War, it was revived for the American Expeditionary Force during World War I, became a little-censored, undisciplined and often brilliant weekly with enlisted and commissioned giants on its staff—among them, Private Harold Ross (who went on to found *The New Yorker*), Sergeant Alexander Woolcott, Lieut. Grantland Rice and Captain Franklin P. Adams.

Revived during World War II, the *Stripes* passed 1,000,000 in circulation, achieved greatness. Among the dogfaces, whose cause it espoused in the ceaseless conflict with brass, it ranked in favor not far below Paris leaves and letters from home. Officers were less than welcome in the city room; one sergeant habitually flung pastepots at any such invaders. It provided the first frame for Bill Mauldin's expert cartoons of Willie and Joe, the two war-weary, grizzled infantrymen who patiently endured everything that Nazi and U.S. generalship threw their way. With courage, *Stripes* correspondents dug in at the front among combat troops; during the Battle of the Bulge, the Strasbourg edition was printed for several days from Nazi territory; before the war ended, *Stripes* correspondents died in action at the battlefield.

Lost Sass. Now peace has taken its kind of toll. In lieu of thinly veiled assaults on brass pomposity, there are special homemaking articles for military wives and front-page stories about some general officer's advancement in rank. There are no crusades; political news is calipered inch for inch so that neither party can claim bias. The long arm of peacetime censorship hangs implicitly over every page. Recently, an editor of the European *Stripes* was denied permission to reprint some Bill Mauldin war cartoons on the ground that "they show officers in a bad light." The famous *Stripes* pinup art of World War II has disappeared, chased out by disapproving chaplains.

The *Stripes* still proclaims itself to be "a home-town newspaper away from home," and its success supports the claim. But many of its readers long for the tough old days. Said one hash-marked enlisted man last week: "Reading today's *Stripes* is like meeting some woman after 15 years. She's gotten a lot fatter and lost her sass to boot."

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's



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Died. Reuben Buck Robertson Jr., 51, husky, shirtsleeved president (since 1950) of the Champion Paper & Fibre Co. of Hamilton, Ohio (1950 sales: \$160 million), director of B. F. Goodrich Co. and Procter & Gamble Co., onetime (during the Korean war) member of the Wage Stabilization Board and former (1955-57) first assistant to Defense Secretary Charles Wilson; in a traffic accident; in Cincinnati.

Died. Bretaigne Windust, 54, Paris-born U.S. theater director who, with such other unknowns as Henry Fonda, James Stewart and Joshua Logan, helped start the University Players and hit the big time after he directed Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight* (1936) and in Jean Giraudoux's *Amphitryon 38* (1937), went on to stage *Life with Father* (1939), *Arsenic and Old Lace* (1941), *Finian's Rainbow* (1947), and *The Great Sebastians* (1956); in Manhattan.

Died. The Most Rev. William Charles Quinn, 55, Roman Catholic Bishop (appointed in 1940) of Yukiang, China, who was expelled by the Chinese Reds in 1951; of a heart attack; in Kaohsiung, Formosa.

Died. Gino Sotis, 57, Italy's famed divorce-hating divorce lawyer, whose clients included Ingrid Bergman and Robert Rossellini, the Shah of Iran's ex-wife Fawzia, Barbara Hutton, and Mussolini's last mistress, Claretta Petacci; of a heart attack; in Rome.

Died. Semyon Ilyich Bogdanov, 65, Soviet Marshal of the Army and member of the Supreme Soviet, who fought in the Battle of Stalingrad and led the final assault on Berlin, later (1948) became commander of Soviet armored forces; in Moscow.

Died. Emanuel Slechta, 74, agile Czech politician, onetime aide to popular President Eduard Benes, longtime Socialist leader who survived the 1948 Communist coup, worked himself into the new order, became Minister of Construction in 1953; of a heart attack; in Prague.

Died. Archduchess Elizabeth Amalia of Habsburg, 81, mother of Prince Franz Josef II, who rules tiny (61.4 sq. mi., 13,757 pop.) Liechtenstein, niece of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, and half-sister of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo in 1914 triggered World War I; in Vaduz, Liechtenstein.

Died. Fernando Alvarez de Sotomayor, 84, Spanish portrait painter (among his subjects: ex-King Alfonso XIII, Portugal's Dictator Salazar), who headed the famed Prado Museum from 1921 to 1936, was succeeded by Pablo Picasso during the civil war, regained the post after Franco's victory; of a heart attack; in Madrid.

Wisconsin Warmup

While Humphrey battles gamely to mount a counterattack, a kingdom of Kennedys is stumping Wisconsin to help Brother Jack. "If I win here," he says grimly, "they can not take the nomination away from me." See color photos of how he's doing.



Art of Russia

At right is the kind of painting that hangs in Moscow museums for all Russians to see. But the works of Russia's young painters are hidden treasures. You can view them in *LIFE*'s exclusive portfolio. It is the first to be published anywhere in color.



Reading Out Loud

Television, of all things, is trying to revive an old American custom: reading aloud to the kids. *LIFE*'s photo-essay shows why the series, featuring Pulitzer Prize winners, stage stars, is one of the industry's stand-out self-improvement attempts.



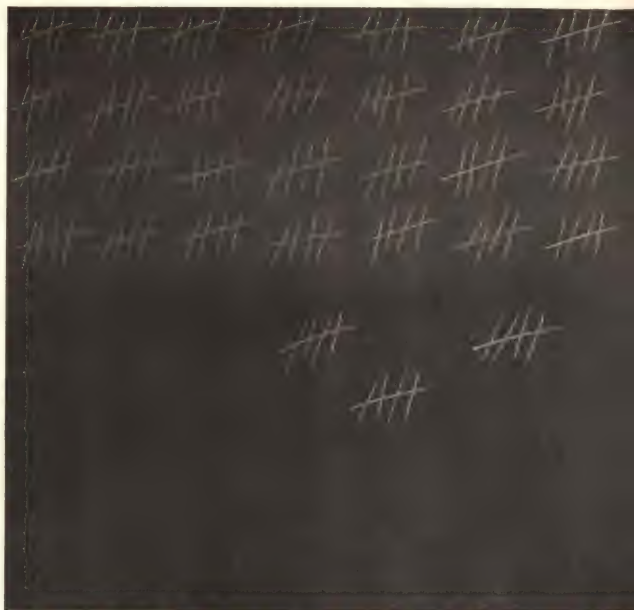
The Road Snobs

LIFE presents a guide for the potential sports car fanatic: a long-needed manual that covers the protocol of waving, the essence of snappy cornering and proper "boxwork," the art of rallying and—most important—how to get in and out of a bucket seat.



**GOOD READING,
GOOD LOOKING**
in the new issue of

LIFE



Chalk up another big year

Better than one every working day—that's the "score" for industrial developments along our lines in 1959. And what a range of activities they cover! Pulp and paper . . . chemicals . . . textiles . . . lumber, woodworking and building materials . . . metals and metalworking, to list but a few. You name it—the modern South has it.

Chances are, this fast-growing territory served by the Southern has what is good for *you*, too. Plentiful, willing-to-work manpower! Expanding markets for goods of all kinds! Raw materials and rich natural resources close at hand! Ample and economical electric power! Efficient, low-cost rail transportation!

All America is growing—but the fast-growing youngster of the "family" is the modern South!



for industrial developments along the Southern!

Right now plant site specialists in our Industrial Development Department are busier than ever consulting with companies, large and small, that are considering the modern South for greater opportunities and more profitable growth. But they aren't too busy to talk with you. They know many of the things you would like to talk about and,

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Let us hear from you so that we can help you.
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Early Spring

Spring has come early to the U.S. labor force. The Labor Department reported last week that, contrary to the usual seasonal pattern, total U.S. employment in February rose by 500,000 to a record monthly high of 64,520,000. At the same time, unemployment, which usually changes little in February, dropped by 218,000 to 3,931,000, the greatest January-February decline since 1942. The improved job picture brought the seasonally adjusted rate of unemployment down to 4.8%, lowest since October 1957. Seymour L. Wolfbein, Labor Department manpower expert, foresaw further improvement during the next few months. Said he: "We are going to get through this spring with an improvement in the economic situation generally and the employment situation particularly."

Other indicators:

¶ Personal income in February was running at the seasonally adjusted annual rate of \$393 billion, up slightly from the January record of \$392.8 billion. For the first two months of 1960, the flow of personal income was up 6%, while prices rose only about 1%.

¶ Industrial production in February dropped off one point from the January record to 110% of the 1957 average, the

new base year that the Federal Reserve Board is using. Industrial production in February was 167% of the old 1947-49 average. While output of business equipment and materials was maintained at peak rates, production of consumer goods declined below the record January level.

¶ Auto production for March, despite minor cutbacks, is scheduled to exceed February production, reach 667,000 units, best March since the alltime high of 794,105 in 1955. The heavy production will leave the industry with its first million-car inventory of dealers' stocks, but the oversupply is a calculated buildup for what dealers hope will be a heavy spring demand.

¶ Department-store sales recovered sharply from winter storms and blizzards, moved to the highest dollar volume since mid-January. The Federal Reserve Board reported that department-store sales rose to 116% of the 1947-49 average, up from the previous week's 98%.

Inadequate Indicators

In wage negotiations, a key statistic for comparing different industries usually is the Government's figures on hourly earnings. But last week U.S. Steel Corp., the nation's largest steel producer, questioned the accuracy of the figures. Said its annual report, in which Chairman Roger Miles Blough reported a 15½% drop in earnings because of the steel strike, the Government's "widely quoted data on average hourly earnings are no longer representative of total employment costs" and are "completely inadequate as an indicator of an hour's work."

Blough and fellow steel executives charge that the steel industry's average basic wage rate of \$3.10 quoted by the Government does not include such important fringe benefits as vacation pay, sickness and hospital insurance and unemployment benefits—all of which add "a startling 65%" to Big Steel's basic wage rate. "Until Government data fully recognize all fringe costs, their use for measuring the cost of wage settlements, or for making interindustry cost comparisons, is not only inappropriate but may result in misleading conclusions."

The Bureau of Labor Statistics partially agrees with U.S. Steel, next month will begin an important new survey among 7,000 manufacturers to discover the cost of fringe benefits to workers. But Government economists do not necessarily go along with the implication that any change will show wage hikes outrunning labor productivity. Actually, productivity is expected to keep pace with steel costs at least during 1960 because the new steel contract does not call for wage increases until December.

Since U.S. Steel's statement followed a warning issued by Wheeling Steel Corp. that steel prices "eventually" will have to be increased, it was taken by many as a softening preparation for future industry



Associated Press
U.S. STEEL'S BLOUGH
Costs with the fringe on top.

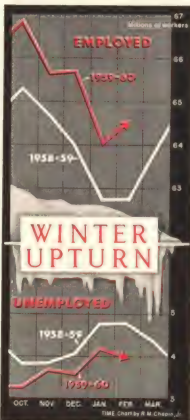
price hikes. Big Steel denounced the "pyramiding of employment costs," warned that unless it is checked, "a cost-covering increase in the general level of prices must follow." But Roger Blough repeated his earlier assurances that the nation's biggest steel producer plans no price hikes "for the present."

Glum but Hopeful

The glumest businessmen in the U.S. last week seemed to be U.S. home builders, frustrated and disappointed at the sag in one of the key U.S. industries. From the Commerce Department came word that February housing starts, which normally rise over January, fell 8% to a rate of 1,115,000 units on a seasonally adjusted basis. Even worse than the hard facts was the uncertainty about where the industry was going. Some housing experts, such as Federal Housing Administrator Norman P. Mason, still expect a 1.2 million year, which would make a good if not a record year. Others are less optimistic about prospects, predict declines of 15% or more from last year's 1.3 million starts.

Who Is the Villain? Not all areas of the country are being affected in the same way. The Florida building boom is as clamorous as ever. Housing starts in Boston are running well ahead of last year, and Chicago's building starts held firm in February at January levels. But Cleveland and Denver builders report business down about 10%, and some builders in Westchester County and Long Island, on New York City's fringes, expect new homes to drop up to 30% below last year. Home building in Southern California is down about 20% for the year, and both Detroit and Atlanta builders are running well behind 1959.

For many builders, the biggest villain of the slump is tight money. Though money has eased somewhat, building plans that would ordinarily be going into effect now



have been postponed or dropped because of the difficulty of getting money to back them, even at a high 6% interest. "As long as money is tight," says Alex Brusino, one of Cleveland's biggest home builders, "the housing business will continue downward." Many builders also insist—despite the Government's refusal to blame the housing slump on the weather—that winter storms badly damaged their business. Says Edward T. Rice, executive vice president of Denver's Home Builders Association: "We had anticipated a decline due to hard money, but of course we were not able to anticipate the severity of the winter."

Leaving Out Gimmicks. Not all builders agree that tight money and the weather are wholly to blame for the industry's ills. Some fear that the housing industry is pricing itself out of the market with elaborate, cost-laden homes that many potential home buyers cannot afford. Says Milton J. Brock Jr., former president of the Southern California Home Builders Association, who has cut prices on his homes by leaving out many built-in gimmicks that the buyer can later install himself: "The main thing is to put the buyer in a house. Every time we try to build houses that cost \$17,000 or \$18,000 instead of \$12,000 or \$13,000, we've priced ourselves right out of the biggest market. Building houses is like building automobiles. You sell more Fords than Buicks and more Buicks than Cadillacs. It's time more builders realized this."

Despite the home builders' gloom, a traditional spring surge in construction could quickly change the outlook. Says Housing Administrator Mason: "The money situation has definitely improved, and I expect a fairly rapid upswing two or three months from now in home building. It takes some time before builders find that money is more available and then translate that finding into new building plans and actual operation." As proof that many builders are bracing for the possibility of a spring upsurge, the Federal Housing Administration reported that applications for mortgage insurance on new loans rose 30% in February, and the Veterans' Administration said that February requests for appraisals of proposed new homes showed the biggest monthly hike since last June.

CORPORATIONS

A Family Affair

President, chief stockholder and super-salesman of Revlon, Inc. is Charles Haskell Revson, 53, the prodigal parvenu of the perfume-and-lipstick trade, whose reputation for omniscience about milady's taste is matched only by his legendary omnivorousness toward his own executives (TIME, Nov. 16). Last week a former Revlon vice president sued Charles Revson for \$601,460 damages on charges of breach of agreement in a stock transaction made when the plaintiff left Revlon two years ago. The plaintiff: Martin Elliot Revson, Charlie's younger (49) brother.

The Revson brothers have a talent for



Leonard McCombe—LIFE
THE REVSONS IN FRIENDLIER DAYS®
Which was his brother's token?

making headlines. In the quiz-show scandals last fall Brother Martin was described to House investigators as the Revlon executive who attended the weekly \$64,000 Question producer sessions where contestants—and their longevity on the Revlon-sponsored series—were discussed. Martin denied any knowledge of rigging, pointed out that he no longer worked for Revlon anyway. Charles testified that he left Question questions to Martin, refused to discuss why his brother had quit.

• Charles at left, Martin at right, with Model Suzy Parker.

Ribald Humor. In his suit filed in a New York court last week, Martin finally explained why: "Charles Revson engaged in a practice of mistreating executives of Revlon, Inc. and abusing them personally to such extent that men of proven capacity who held high positions in nationally known corporations before and after their employment by Revlon, Inc. suffered humiliation and impaired efficiency and left Revlon, Inc. to escape mistreatment. The rate of turnover of Revlon executives became a subject of ribald humor." In 1958, says Martin's complaint, he concluded that Charles's personnel practices were endangering the success of the company and his own investment in it. He asked to get out.

Charles was willing to let Martin out. But unfortunately, he explained, there was a problem about Martin's stock, which was tied up in a voting trust that enabled the older brother to control 51% of Revlon's stock and dictate Revlon policy. Charles would be glad to exchange 100,000 of Martin's Revlon shares for the equivalent value in the stock of Schering Corp., a New Jersey drug firm which Revlon had bought with the idea of a merger, later dropped. But Charlie's legal counsel had advised him, he said, that a straight-value switch might hint of favoritism, open Revlon to stockholder protests of waste and mismanagement. Would Martin accept the equivalent value in Schering stock at \$3 a share less than the market value of his Revlon stock?

Inside Information. Martin said he agreed only after Charles assured him that he had inside information that Schering stock was going to appreciate much faster than Revlon. And anyway, they would informally agree that if it did not, Martin would be reimbursed his \$3 a

TIME CLOCK

COMPACT-CAR SALES lead in held by Ford Motor Co.'s Falcon, which since Jan. 1 has sold 80,433 models v. 72,113 for American Motors' Rambler.

TO GET MORE DEFENSE contracts, which fell from \$1.9 billion in 1953 to \$400 million in 1959, General Motors has formed a Defense Systems Division, which will be staffed by 200 scientists and engineers, to concentrate on scientific and technological research on military weapons systems.

ALASKAN OIL BOOM is promised by a new well brought in by Standard Oil Co. of California on Kenai Peninsula, 40 miles south of Anchorage. The discovery improves prospects for construction of a \$4,000,000, 22-mile pipeline between the field and Cook Inlet, where the crude oil will be shipped to West Coast refineries.

1960 CROP OUTLOOK is for bumper harvest that may set new record, Department of Agriculture forecasts. Wheat and corn surpluses will grow

bigger as farmers schedule 337 million acres for planting, fewer than 1,000,000 below last year.

CHRYSLER AD SHAKE-UP will bring \$21 million Dodge car and truck account to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. Agencies taking the loss: Grant Advertising and Ross Roy, Inc.

WORKING CONTROL of American Export Lines, Inc. will be bought by U.S. Freight Co., biggest domestic freight forwarder, which will pay more than \$9.4 million for 25% of American Export Lines stock now held by Mrs. Josephine Bay Paul, American Export chairman, and her husband, C. Michael Paul.

VOLKSWAGEN STOCK will be sold to the public for as much as \$75 a share (indicating a desire to further free enterprise in West Germany), and German buyers can now get Volkswagen cars with almost immediate delivery because of a rise in Volkswagen production and competition from foreign cars.

THE U.S. SUGAR QUOTAS

An Economic Weapon v. Free Trade

SUGAR, one of the world's most closely regulated commodities, has become a powerful economic weapon as the strain in U.S.-Cuban relations has increased. Last week President Eisenhower asked Congress to extend the Sugar Act for four years, grant him authority to cut the quotas of any of the 15 foreign nations (including Cuba) that export sugar to the U.S. Beyond its political implications, Ike's action raised a more basic question: Should the U.S. continue a protectionist quota system that compels the consumer to support the price of sugar?

Many a free trader answers no. Says John Hight, executive director of the Committee for a National Trade Policy: "The Sugar Act is bad economics all the way around. There ought to be more competition. It's part of the whole protectionist problem. This part just happens to have been around longer." Free traders argue that the Sugar Act was spawned by an emergency that has long passed. The act is the outgrowth of a 1934 measure to help U.S. beet- and cane-sugar producers meet foreign competition, and to revive the Cuban sugar industry, wrecked by U.S. tariffs and the Depression. Because of Cuba's close relationship and U.S. investments in sugar companies there, the island was put in a privileged position. Today Cuba supplies 33% of all U.S. sugar, sells more than half its annual 6,000,000-ton crop to the U.S. at a premium price that brings over \$100 million more than the world market price.

Such a marketing setup is routine for sugar. Nearly all of the world's countries have some form of controlled buying or subsidy system that keeps prices for sugar higher than the world price. In the U.S. the price, in effect, is controlled by the Secretary of Agriculture, who can increase or cut it by changing the quota (9.4 million tons in 1960). U.S. refiners pay more than 5¢ per lb. for sugar, about 2¢ above the world price, plus the extra cost on to consumers.

But sugarmen argue that the 3¢-per-lb. world market price for sugar is misleading. Of the 52 million tons of sugar to be consumed in the world in this year, some 38 million tons will be used in countries where it is produced. Of the remaining 14 million tons, more than 8,000,000 tons will be sold to nations with quota systems similar to the U.S. The remaining 6,000,000 tons, which sells at the world market price, is largely surplus sugar. Says Boyd MacNaughton, president of C. Brewer & Co. Ltd., Hawaii's second largest

sugar company: "The so-called 'world market' is a dumping ground for surplus sugar that doesn't have a home."

Free-trade advocates contend that with such a surplus, prices would be lower, and competition increased if the quotas were abolished. While free market competition would drive the price down temporarily, Cuba in a pinch could probably produce sugar more cheaply than other nations, thus dominate the U.S. market. Cuba, which now limits its output, could expand it, squeeze out many foreign competitors and U.S. domestic sugar producers, which supply 53% of the U.S. market. Elimination of the quota system would bring violent price swings and leave the U.S. open to high prices or shortages during an international crisis, such as Suez or the Korean war.

But a return to a free market is highly unlikely because of the power of the U.S. sugar lobby, which draws its strength from 25 beet- and cane-sugar-producing states, the Philippines and Puerto Rico. The lobby argues that the consumer, although paying for the quota system, has benefited from it through price stability. Over the past ten years sugar prices have risen less than the general rise in consumer food prices. The U.S. retail price of 11.5¢ per lb. is about 5¢ per lb. below the median price in 121 other nations around the world. Says a top Agriculture Department expert: "We have managed our protection system in such a way as to pass on the benefit to all parties concerned. It has worked by limiting our protection to only part of our requirements and moving halfway toward free trade. To throw out this system which has worked so well would be unthinkable, politically and economically."

But most sugarmen see no objections to giving the President the power to change the quotas. Long before Castro, the quota system was a point of contention. Many other producing nations, e.g., Mexico and the Philippines, thought they were being shortchanged because of Cuba's huge share. Florida's Democratic Senator George A. Smathers last week urged that the U.S. cut Cuba's quota and redistribute the amount to such friendly nations as Mexico and Brazil. U.S. Ambassador to Mexico Robert C. Hill has also urged that Mexico's share be increased.

Thus, the U.S. has a potent weapon to reward its friends and punish its enemies, a weapon that more than balances the problematical gains that might be had by abolishing the quotas altogether.

share plus the market-value difference.

Schering stock did appreciate 70%. But Revlon went up 75.5% in the period they had agreed upon (Aug. 15, 1958 to July 15, 1959). When Martin asked for the \$600,000 owed him, he said he found his brotherly agreement worth no more than the paper it had never been written on. To top it all, says Martin's suit, he learned that Charlie's legal counsel had never advised against a straight-value exchange in the first place. Replied Brother Charles: "The suit is without merit. It is unfortunate that the language of the complaint contains the kind of emotional statements which sometimes characterize suits involving members of the same family."

Young Man in a Hurry

In California's burgeoning electronics industry, the news ordinarily would have gone unnoticed: Palo Alto's Allen Manufacturing Co., freshly moved into a new and larger plant, was about to be incorporated. What made this unusual was the company's president: 19-year-old Joseph Stevens Allen, who founded Allen Manufacturing at 17, has turned it into a rapidly growing firm that this year expects to do a \$250,000 business, has an order backlog of \$150,000. Said Steve Allen last week as he sat behind a large desk in his paneled office: "I'm trying to set aside all the traditional milestones. I'm in a big hurry to get somewhere."

Saved from Shock. Steve Allen's hurry began when, at the age of four, he started experimenting with dry cell batteries and electromagnets, both given him by nonscientific parents (his father is a construction executive), who thus hoped to keep him from electrocuting himself in precocious experiments with their house's electric outlets. He assembled a radio before he could read, at seven built a TV set, by 13 was making \$1,000 a year from his own TV repair business.

Steve was so bright that high school proved a frustrating experience. Though he passed a final geometry exam with an A only three weeks after entering the course, and had read textbooks for the sophomore year before he entered it, school authorities refused to move him along faster than other students. "The school just wasn't going along with what I intended to do," he says. "I could see I was accomplishing more on my own, so I quit." He now studies advanced math and physics, takes a University of California correspondence course that will eventually net him a high school diploma.

Regardless of Tradition. With \$4,000 he had saved, he set up Allen Manufacturing in his parents' garage. Says he: "I felt that regardless of what tradition said I should do, I was just going to take things into my own hands and learn some things that people ordinarily don't learn until they're much older." One of the first things he developed was a cheaper and more efficient device to delay electric impulses in TV tape recorders to eliminate picture distortion. Ampex, the biggest producer of recording equipment, had not yet made one, so it handed Steve

Another example of Addressograph-Multigraph cost-cutting



Shown above in Whirlpool's St. Joseph automatic washer plant are (right) H. J. Coon, Mgr., Systems and Procedures, and (left) J. L. Schoonover, Procedures Analyst

Now they're saving \$50,000 a year ...with Multigraph Methods

After carefully analyzing Whirlpool Corporation's requirements for printed materials—forms, manuals, promotional literature, etc.—a Multigraph representative made this proposal: Multigraph Methods could save \$50,000 a year on \$175,000 worth of printing.

"Too good to be true," said the company and called in unbiased consultants—a printing expert and a CPA. Result: the estimated savings were found to be entirely feasible! Here are some reasons why: inventories would be reduced by gearing quantities produced to immediate requirements. Obsolescence

would be largely eliminated. Storage space would be saved. Costs would be cut in many ways.

On the basis of this analysis, Whirlpool Corporation went ahead with the recommended installation ... and is now actually saving more than \$4,000 per month as a result of the Multigraph installation.

Your business, large or small, can gain important cost-cutting advantages through Multigraph Methods. Ask your nearby Multigraph representative to show you how. Or write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



Multigraph Multilith Offset Duplicator, Model 1250

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NEW G-E POWER GROOVE FLUORESCENTS CAN SAVE YOU \$15 TO \$85 PER LAMP!

General Electric's Power Groove® Lamp is the most powerful, most popular high intensity fluorescent you can buy. Because it *delivers* more light, you can have brighter plants, offices, stores, even outdoor lighting *while using fewer lamps and fixtures.*

Thus you can save, on initial cost, \$15 to \$85 per lamp over previous fluorescent types, depending on the installation. It's all because of the grooves in the tube which bend the arc stream and lengthen it to create extra light.

G-E Power Groove Lamps are a product of the same General Electric Lamp research that has improved every G-E Fluorescent you buy—whether it's the slimline, high

output, or one of General Electric's two new 40-watt lamps. **WHICH G-E MONEY SAVER LAMP IS YOUR BEST BUY?** There's one that will solve any lighting problem. And General Electric's published record of performance leadership is your assurance that, if you use G-E Lamps exclusively, your lighting system stays up-to-date automatically. For more information call your G-E Lamp distributor or write: General Electric Co., Large Lamp Dept. C-010, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

*General Electric trademark for its non-circular cross section fluorescent lamp.

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Joe Munroe

ALLEN'S PRESIDENT ALLEN
Better out of school than in.

a big order that put him solidly in business. He leased a plant, hired a few young employees (mostly students) to turn out his products.

Allen does much of his business with about a dozen electronics companies, including Ampex, International Telephone & Telegraph, and Lockheed's missiles division. Firms often give him small but difficult projects for which they can spare neither time nor men. The company is developing a specialized product line of its own, including transformers and various electrical filters, has raised its work force to 15 (now all adults) in a new plant. Since Allen has had to finance his business out of profits, he has been careful to see that whatever he made was certain to sell, draws only a teen-ager's pocket money for himself.

FASHION

Farewell to Flannel

Then all of a sudden, she saw some jerk she knew on the other side of the lobby. Some guy in one of those very dark grey flannel suits and one of those checkered vests. Strictly Ivy League. Big Deal.

The Catcher in the Rye

During Tom Brown's school days at Rugby a century ago, for fastidious Dink Stover going up to Yale in 1912, down to *Catcher's* supercilious modern hero, Holden Caulfield, the big deal for the well-dressed schoolboy and collegian has always been flannel. In the last decade alone, flannel for boys' and students' suits has topped all other suit fabrics in the U.S. each year without exception. But last week flannel was on the way out. In 1960 worsteds will be the most

popular fabric for youthful suits, followed by hopsackings, with flannel topping to third place, according to a retail buyers' survey made by the Boys' Apparel Buyers' Association and the Clothing Manufacturers Association of the U.S.A.

The figures: the tightly woven worsteds in 1960 will grab 37% of the boys' suit market 48% of the student trade. Hopsackings, a coarse, basket-weave pattern of cotton, linen, rayon or wool, will make up nearly one-fourth of both boys' and students' suits. Fading flannel will plummet to 21% of the junior market, a mere 14% of the undergraduate trade. Best explanation for flannel's worsening by worsted, from a buyer in New York's Old School Tie haberdashery, Brooks Brothers: worsteds weigh less, wrinkle less, wear longer—and now are being made in flannel-like finishes and colors.

REAL ESTATE

The Grand Scheme

Sunset International Petroleum Corp. is a lively, California-based oil company which operates wells in eight states, and has ambitions to grow bigger fast—thanks to a quirk in the tax laws. Sunset, headed by Morton A. Sterling, 34, last week was branching out into the real estate business. It purchased Tavares Development Co., a huge, San Diego real estate firm that helped build the state of Washington's Chief Joseph Dam, Los Angeles' \$20 million Hyperion sewage system, has built nearly 15% of all San Diego residences, and is currently developing suburban San Carlos, a 4,000-acre tract with a projected population of 50,000.

What Sunset hopes to do is take advantage of the U.S. tax law permitting tax deductions for the intangible costs of oil-well drilling, i.e., labor and services, which average 60% of the cost of sinking a well. The reason for the law is the long odds in drilling: only one well in nine ever produces oil. But for Sunset the odds are short—in fact, reversed, because Sunset buys only proven fields, usually brings in nine producing wells for every ten it sinks. Thus, in the last five years Sunset has piled up more tax write-offs from intangible costs than it can apply to its profits, which are now limited by oil-production quotas. It has not had to pay taxes since 1956, and still has some \$3,500,000 in accrued write-offs left. The catch in the law is that the offsets must be used within five years. Sunset let \$300,000 expire and slip away last year. To prevent losing more, Sterling conceived the Tavares deal.

Sunset intends to continue developing San Carlos and other real estate, expects to net \$1,000,000 this year, \$2,250,000 next year, \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 a year after that. Applying its accrued write-offs to the real estate profits the first two years, Sunset's real estate profits will be tax-free. When the intangible write-offs are used up by 1962, Sterling will carefully gear his well drilling to his real estate taxes, and get rich at the benefit of the tax laws. Says Sterling: "Our

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people will have to put on roller skates to keep up with the money." Sunset's calculated net gain over the next eight years in its end run around the Revenue Service: \$55 million.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Reaction to Wall Street

How has the slide in Wall Street affected the world's other stock exchanges? To the delight of foreign investors, the shock has been small. While there was a ripple of selling on some exchanges, it seemed to be over by last week.

¶ In London, which has traditionally been most sensitive to fluctuations in Wall Street, stocks dropped sharply. The industrial index, which reached an alltime high in January of 342.9, slid to 300.1, a loss of 10½%, v. 13½% for Wall Street at its low point. As U.S. stocks rallied and rose on four out of five days last week, shares rose even faster in London, recovered almost half the losses. Despite the timing of the drop, London traders thought that it had been caused less by Wall Street than by the British government's intention to tighten credit further to curb inflation. The rebound, in turn, was largely attributed to the increased earnings and dividends on British stocks.

¶ In Amsterdam, Geneva, and Zurich, where the exchanges handle a proportionately greater volume of U.S. stocks than other European exchanges, prices first flustered, but have begun rapid recoveries. In Paris, prices are down, but the reasons have little to do with Wall Street. The confidence of investors was badly shaken by the resignation of Finance Minister Antoine Pinay (TIME, Jan. 25), has been further weakened by the slow progress in ending the Algerian crisis.

¶ In Italy, where the industrial index (1953=100) boomed from 162.2 last August to 328.1 in January, prices have also been dropping. The reason is not Wall Street but a shortage of money and the recognition that Italian common stocks are no longer bargains. Nevertheless the mood in Italy is still confident.

¶ In Germany, the Frankfurt exchange retreated only momentarily from its all-time high of 386 on the industrial index, soon rallied to 380. German experts blamed the break chiefly on massive flotations of new stock by expanding German coal and steel firms, which temporarily flooded the market.

¶ In Brussels, stocks are well down from their peaks. The slide was led by stocks in African companies, and it has been going on for almost two years. Congolese shares listed on the exchange were valued at more than \$3 billion in 1958. By last week they had shrunk to \$1 billion. Despite Congolese promises of economic cooperation at the recent Brussels talks, Belgians fear for their investments once the Congo becomes independent this summer.

¶ In Tokyo, the bull market broke only slightly in sympathy with Wall Street, then quickly spurred upward again. The rise, while it was helped by rumors of new U.S. investments in Japan, was chiefly



SONY'S IBUKA

Few shock waves across the sea.

based on the bright prospects of many a Japanese company, notably in electronics.

Sony stock, for example, rose from \$1.67 to \$1.81 in the last 24 months as its exports soared. Founded only twelve years ago by Masaru Ibuka, a onetime radio-station repairman, Sony now exports 25,000 pocket radios a month to the U.S. and Canada, will soon introduce a portable, all-transistor TV set. Next month it will also start exporting a new semi-conductor that it invented: a "tunnel diode." U.S. companies have found it so superior to present diodes for many uses that General Electric, RCA and others are hustling to mass-produce their own.

AVIATION

Cheaper Fares

To step up mass air traffic, the international airlines last week agreed to cut prices in economy-class fares for flights to many parts of the world. Members of the International Air Transport Association sliced off 16½% on mid-Atlantic runs, e.g., South America to southern Europe, 6½% to 10½% on flights from Europe to Asia. The cuts, which will go into effect May 1 and Oct. 1, were designed in part to avert price wars between I.A.T.A. members in areas where they were being undercut by other airlines. In some cases, propeller ticket prices were cut more than jet-flight fares. The airlines will also drop the deluxe and tourist-fare classes, offer only first- and economy-class travel.

As a further inducement to budget-conscious tourists, I.A.T.A. also announced a new off-season excursion-rate structure for trips from the eastern U.S. and Canada to Europe. Beginning next fall, passengers can fly from New York to London between October and April on a 17-day round-trip ticket for \$320 on propeller aircraft, \$350 for jet, thus saving between \$112 and \$136 a ticket.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Poacher's Daughter (Show Corp. of America), being a rustic Irish comedy, is a pack of lies; white lies, green lies, slick, sly, funny lies, and every one as harmless as the tines of a well-sharpened hayfork. Adapted from George Shiels' play called *The New Gossoon*,* the film is lifted off the green sod by the main strength of its cast: the Abbey Theater players and their American guest, Actress Julie Harris.

Julie, the daughter of an old rabbit trapper named Rabbit Hamil (Harry Brogan), is the youngest and fairest member of a family notorious the length and breadth of the county. "The Hamils," says a neighbor, "have the minds of rabbits, the instincts of rabbits, and the morals of rabbits." Young Luke Carey (Tim Seely) has been seeing Julie without sanction from his family. But she is determined to be his wife. "Sure," says Julie, "I wouldn't break in another greenhorn for a thousand pounds."

The plot is banal enough, but the Abbey company plays its comedy with a fine Irish verve. Actress Harris blends nicely into the background of County Wicklow, where the picture was made. Wrote Manhattan's *Irish Echo*: "To native ears her carefully acquired 'brogue' jars at times, but who could have done better? . . . God bless."

A Lesson in Love (Svensk Filmindustri: Jonus), the most natural, robust and heartily funny of Ingmar Bergman's comedies, is for the most part a riskily sophisticated satire on the tiny, interminable adventures of any Dagwood and every Blondie. Made in 1953, two years before Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night* summed up his ironic discussion of the domestic predicament, *A Lesson in Love* lacks the assurance and allegoric precision of that picture. Instead it is warm, accidental, lifelike, full of lucky hits, preposterous misses, and all sorts of surprises. A comedy of morals as well as manners, the film seems, like the Rorschach test, no more than an amusing game, but it soon develops some remarkable insights into the character and predicament of human beings.

The hero (Gunnar Björnstrand) is a Swedish gynecologist who, after 15 years of marriage, succumbs to a hazard of his occupation: the woman who wants personal as well as medical attention. "I need fire," he reassures his conscience, "to burn away the apathy" of middle age. But he is stunned when his wife (Eva Dahlbeck), who soon finds out about the affair, decides to strike a match of her own. She pops off to Copenhagen to resume a premarital relationship with a sculptor (Ake Grönberg). The doctor fol-

lows his wife to the rendezvous and heads her back to the reservation.

In the process, Writer-Director Bergman displays a wide range of comedic accomplishments. He is a master of bedroom farce—not to mention bathroom humor, most of which is not translated in the subtitles. In a flashback to the couple's courtship, he pulls a hilariously rowdy switch on the old Tristan-Isolde routine, and follows it with an uproarious crescendo of crockery-busting buffoonery. Moreover, Bergman flashes a redoubtable power of cynical epigram ("Only impotent men are faithful, and they have unfaithful wives"). And almost every



BJÖRNSTRAND & DAHLBECK

One lesson is not an education.

character and scene is shaped by the cutting edge of his irony.

Ironist Bergman allows the husband to concede ruefully that men are often "lazy in love," afraid to lose their "safe and selfish solitude," afraid of the "uncertainty" and emotional danger of real relationship. Sometimes Bergman's wit and irony broaden into a life-accepting humor, as when a young girl is assured by her serene old grandfather that he is not at all afraid to die. "Wouldn't it be awful," he asks her, twinkling and yet serious too, "if I had to go on wearing long underwear forever?"

All these effects and episodes are brilliant things, considered singly—and they must be considered singly because Bergman tells his story in such a manner that the moviegoer cannot guess, until the last moment, what each part of the jigsaw puzzle will signify in the completed picture. And when the picture is finished, it is still not complete. Several pieces seem to be missing, and several do not seem to fit in. The moviegoer is left with a nagging sense that the picture he has seen is really part of a larger picture. That, of course, is part of what Bergman means to say: one *Lesson* does not make a sentimental education.

* Gossoon is the English version of the Gaelic version (*Leisinn*) of the French word for boy; *caroon*.



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MISCELLANY

Sound Training. In Taipei, Formosa, a district court sentenced Shen Lin-shiang, 42, to 2½ years in jail for biting off part of her stepdaughter's ear to teach the girl "her place in the family."

Overhaul. In Long Beach, Calif., Jerome Colwell complained to police that a thief had stripped accessories from his car, which had been parked in one spot for two months while he was in jail for car stripping.

The Shape of the Thing. In Buffalo, John Baldyga escaped with a 60-day suspended sentence after he admitted in court that he had thrown a bowling ball through the window of a restaurant because the place served him a square pizza.

Hard Cover. In Los Angeles, after James E. Fitzgerald, 23, was arrested on charges of kidnaping and robbing a policeman, looting a café, shaking down a pedestrian, shooting another and holding up a liquor store twice, he told cops that he was a Bible salesman.

Head Set. In Toledo, Ohio, hit by a car, Sadie McGrath, 70, indignantly rejected a policeman's suggestion that she see a doctor, declared: "I have an appointment with my hairdresser, and I'm not going to break it."

Family Plan. In San Francisco, the Obelisk gallery took an ad in the *Chronicle*, warning the thieves who filched two gold trinkets from gallery shelves that "these are Berber Fertility Rings from North Africa and have been most effective in the past."

Prepared. In Bangor, Me., after police nabbed a 14-year-old boy trying to crack the safe of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, he explained that he had found his way through the darkened building by lighting an application card for a Boy Scout merit badge.

Checked out. In Riverside, Calif., searching for the health department, where he planned to get a blood test, Prospective Bridegroom Emory Mink, 23, opened the wrong door, walked into the sheriff's office, was recognized and arrested on a traffic charge, but was allowed to get married and have a 15-minute honeymoon before starting his six-month jail sentence.

Change of Heart. In Milwaukee, ex-Felon Edward Dolan assured the district attorney that he had traded the life of crime for a life of love, said that he had not been convicted for robbery in years, pointed out that he was living with one woman, had been turned in to police by another who was jealous of a third, had ditched at least 27 others in the last seven months, mused: "I read lots of books on the behavior of females."

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BOOKS

In Praise of Childhood

THE EDGE OF DAY (275 pp.)—Laurie Lee—Morrow (\$4).

The current style in writing is to run down childhood. Described from a psychiatrist's couch, it often takes on the look of a private hell, where the only fun is in being singled. Most adults know that childhood is not really so bad. It hurts, of course, but it has its compensations—often wispy and ungraspable by memory. In his autobiography of boyhood in an English village, 45-year-old British Poet Laurie Lee shows that his childhood is still with him, like a second self. *The Edge of Day* has a shine that is as foreign to contemporary books about boyhood as the first years of this century are to the present.

Author Lee had advantages that derived from his disadvantages. His father had deserted his family when Laurie was a baby, and a mother with a brood of six is never a match for an imaginative boy. Besides, he was often sick, and so came in for special treatment: puddings, wood fires in his room, the respect that brothers and sisters feel for a fellow who has been so close to death (pneumonia) that his body was once washed for a funeral. They lived in a tumble-down house in the Cotswolds, but mother and children—at least by Author Lee's account—never indulged in self-pity. Husbandless Mrs. Lee—erratic, forgetful, sometimes downright dotty, but forever cooking and mending for the brood—comes through as a genuine heroine. Her son has performed the feat of conveying her love, and his, without once slipping into the treacle that sons find almost impossible to avoid when they praise Mom.

The Edge of Day (a Book-of-the-Month Club choice, and a good one) will never be called an important book, but it deals with important things—the changing seasons, the magical qualities of visiting uncles and spinster neighbors, the insatiable appetite boys have for berries nicked in the noonday heat. Author Lee knows that his book has an almost archaic aspect. Not until the end do autos appear in the valley, and one uncle takes on the stature of a hero by becoming a bus driver. The language is always charming and often poetic, but what is most remarkable about these childhood memoirs is the total lack of sentimentality. *The Edge of Day* is a rarity among books: a simple story that derives its glow from the beauty of common truth uncommonly stated.

Mixed Fiction

SOME ANGRY ANGEL, by Richard Condon (275 pp.; McGraw-Hill: \$4.50) marks the third appearance of an ironist whose iron holds a keener edge than most. After his fine, mordant first novel, *The Oldest Confession*, he did a few handstands to attract attention, and the result was *The Manchurian Candidate* (TIME,



Laurie Lee
London Daily Express

POET LEE

Common truth uncommonly stated.

July 6), an impressively comic but chaotic novel whose message—all is vanity and venality, and even the noblest of men knows not the way to the washroom—was not always audible over the author's sousephone accompaniment. The present book appears to contain the same admonition, though this is by no means certain. The satirist's voice is heard, but the words are indistinct. Worse, the *Kutznammer* that muffles it is not Condon's funniest.

The book's hero is Daniel Tiamat, an Irish-American newspaperman (his name is that of a doomed deity, the mother of the gods in Babylonian mythology). The book tells how Tiamat arrives at young manhood in full vigor of mind and body, with a craps shooter's wrist, moral faculties unblunted by use, and a more than Hearstian knowledge of what makes newspaper readers salivate. By middle age he is reduced to physical paralysis and the ignominy of writing an agony column under the pseudonym of Miss Friendship (clearly a fictional cousin of Nathaniel West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*).

Tiamat marries the editor's daughter, who, like all of the author's women, is impossibly beautiful, strong, passionate, loving and wise (for instance, she knows that as miners get silicosis, matadors are gored and fishermen drowned, so newspapermen get drunk). Despite her virtues Tiamat takes a mistress. Since this is a fable of corruption, his enraged father-in-law offers him two choices: quit the paper or incur certain moral leprosy by becoming a columnist. The scapegrace journalist chooses to lose his soul, and the author to misplace both humor and control of his figures of speech. "While it dipped its pen in its readers' blood," he preaches: "the newspaper industry mumbled on about its sacred right, freedom of the press, and then gutted that right." To

Condon fans, the book's redeeming feature will be some grimly comic episodes: the concessionaire who, as crowds watch a would-be suicide, does a brisk business in "JUMP" and "DON'T JUMP" signs; or the drunken and thoroughly fraudulent hero of the Battle of Britain who solemnly praises "the little people" of England, as if he had not seen "a single Britisher who stood over two feet nine inches."

SOMETHING OF AN ACHIEVEMENT, by Gwyn Griffin (284 pp.; Holt: \$4.95), suggests, as do a great many other contemporary British novels in this, the shabbiest of hours, that the Pax Britannica was kept by boobs, bores and brutalitarians. British Novelist Gwyn Griffin is a one-time army officer in Africa who showed in *By the North Gate* (TIME, April 20, 1959), that he can turn his major dislike into minor but flawless literary art. Now he returns to the attack with the story of Cecil Spurgeon, a tired, self-pitying status-keeper in a coastal enclave of empire in British East Africa. In 1947 he is a glorified cop who bears the White Man's Burden as if it were a huge chip on his sloping shoulders. Cecil comes from a second-rate public school and a touchily impoverished class (lower-middle) that relishes the colonial official's feudal powers over natives, subordinates and foreigners. Cecil's religion is "keeping appearances."


At novel's start, he is nervous because he has just turned apostate to that religion by marrying a teen-age French girl. Poor Cecil seems not to realize that his wife is socially handicapped by a hint of Arab ancestry and an arty kid brother. The plot turns on Cecil's attempts to introduce his bride into the pukka colony (his first appearance on the tennis courts is a rather fiasco) and his maneuvering for a promotion. There is taut melodrama involving the escape of a couple of interned Palestinian terrorists, who call Cecil "Spurgeon the Virgin" (possibly the reason why Author Griffin gave him this family name). At novel's end—complacently unaware of the tragic mess he caused, including the inadvertent killing of his wife—Cecil is scrawling a letter to his old school paper, announcing his promotion to deputy commissioner and his unfeeling devotion to the school motto, "Do your best . . . and then do better."

Author Griffin's insight into the gradations of genteel snobbery and the petty power plays of aspiring bureaucrats reduces most sociological studies to the rank of kindergarten scribbling. Still, the shabbiest at sunset, whatever his stupidities, retains some of the pathos of an old family retainer sacked after a lifetime of bumbling but single-minded loyalty.

Crime of the Century

COMMANDANT OF AUSCHWITZ (285 pp.)—Rudolf Hoess, translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon—World (\$4.50)

Rudolf Franz Ferdinand Hoess, Nazi SS captain, may have been the most monstrous executioner in human history. By his own accounting, 2,000,000 Jews were gassed and cremated at the Auschwitz



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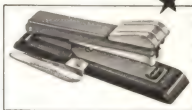
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concentration camp in southern Poland during his term (1940-43) as commandant. While awaiting trial in a Polish prison in 1946 (he was condemned and hanged in early 1947), he wrote this autobiography, now published in the U.S. for the first time.

Hoess offers no new facts on the grisly mass murders. What he achieves is the imagination-defying portrait of a monster, a man who approached killing and torture with the zeal of an efficiency expert and counted corpses with the cool dedication of a trained bookkeeper. It was his special form of insanity—widespread in Nazi Germany—that he regarded himself as a sane, ordinary man with an ordinary but difficult job to perform, and he secretly craved recognition for the efficiency with which he carried it out under unteutonically chaotic conditions.

The Good Soldier. Like many of Himmler's SS men, Hoess was devoted to his wife and children, loved animals and dreamed of farming as a livelihood. He had a bucolically innocent boyhood in southern Germany. Burning with adolescent patriotism, he saw action in World War I before he was 16, was decorated with the Iron Cross, First Class, and wore a noncom's stripes when he was 17. A restless postwar rebel, he joined the Freikorps, a kind of guerrilla band that refused to accept the peace of Versailles. He was an accessory in a political murder, served six years in prison, during which "I nearly went raving mad."

Although he became one of the early Nazi party members with reserve status in the SS, Hoess still planned to work a farm. But in 1934, when Himmler asked for volunteers for the concentration camps, Hoess could not resist what he thought of as a soldierly return to the colors.

In 1940 Himmler handpicked him to head up Auschwitz and a year later told him the camp's exact purpose: The *Fuehrer* had decided on "the final solution of the Jewish question." Translation: the Jews were to be massacred. Hoess did not quibble or quake. He even contributed a euphemism of his own: "The removal of racial-biological foreign bodies."

Bureaucracy of Death. Except for the record of horror they unfold, the chapters that follow might serve as codicils to Parkinson's Law on bureaucratic in-box fighting. One bureau wanted to save able-bodied Jews for munitions work; another wanted to slaughter them to the last man, woman or child. Bales of barbed wire were stacked in supply depots; yet Hoess finally had to send out scavenging patrols to filch what he needed.

As the death trains piled up at the Auschwitz sidings and Hoess's gassing and cremation schedules went hours awry, he pleaded with Himmler for more guards and materials. Himmler suggested using more dogs to herd the prisoners, but otherwise told Hoess that he would have to make do with what he had. Somehow, Hoess did—and he is as methodically intransigent as a suburbanite fighting crab grass—as he discusses the relative merits of poison gasses and the superiority of three-



Picture of Hoess

SS CAPTAIN HOESS

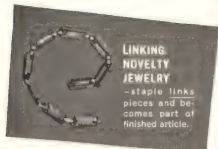
Counting corpses like a bookkeeper.

retort crematory ovens to four-retort ovens. Hoess remembers with almost nostalgic pride a date of peak efficiency when the camp gassed and cremated "rather more than 9,000" in a 24-hour period.

Still, as Hoess recalls, there were "scenes which affected all who witnessed them," when mothers gave unearthly screams and vainly tried to throw infants to safety before the gas-chamber doors slammed shut. At times he breaks into spasms of self-pity: "I had to watch hour after hour, by day and by night, the removal and burning of the bodies, the extraction of the teeth, the cutting of the hair, the whole grisly, interminable business. I had to stand for hours on end in the ghastly stench . . . I had to look through the peephole of the gas chambers and watch the process of death . . ."

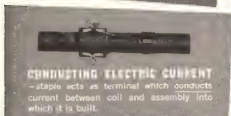
The Murder Box. Near book's end, Hoess says reflectively: "I see now that the extermination of the Jews was fundamentally wrong," not because it was morally monstrous, but simply as an error in tactics that brought "the hatred of the entire world" on Germany. Another statement of Hoess's makes it more difficult for the Germans who claim that they saw, heard or knew no evil of the murder camps. Says he: "When a strong wind was blowing, the stench of burning flesh was carried for many miles and caused the whole neighborhood to talk about the burning of Jews." Near another camp, children could identify the special bus loaded with victims and used to say, "There comes the murder box again."

An entire generation of German—and U.S.—youngsters knows next to nothing about the murder boxes. For them, *Commandant of Auschwitz* should be an eye-opening account of the crime of the century. For their elders, it will be an equally revealing introduction to the seemingly average man who became the criminal of the century.



LINKING NOVELTY JEWELRY

—staple links
pieces and be-
comes part of
finished article.



CONDUCTING ELECTRIC CURRENT

—staple acts as terminal which conducts
current between coil and assembly into
which it is built.



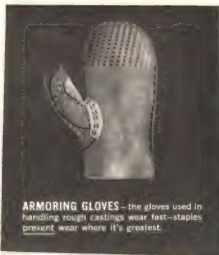
BINDS HOSE CONNECTION

—rubber hose is fastened to a
brass connection with a wrap-
around staple which binds rubber
to brass for a secure grip.



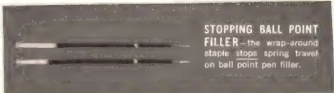
FASTENING HARNESS ASSEMBLY

—insulated
staple fastens radio har-
ness strands safely with
ends bent back so they
cannot harm harness.



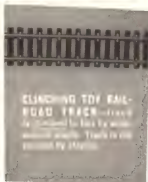
ARMORING GLOVES

—the gloves used in
handling rough castings wear fast—staples
prevent wear where it's greatest.



STOPPING BALL POINT FILLER

—the wrap-around
staple stops spring travel
on ball point pen filler.



CLIMBING TOY RAIL- ROAD TRACK

—track is secured to box by wrap-
around staple. Track is not
loosened by staples.

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PENNSYLVANIA?**

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Pennsylvania... at better dealers everywhere.

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Pioneer Pathologist

THE RELUCTANT SURGEON (359 pp.)—
John Kobler—Doubleday (\$4.95).

The 18th century's greatest physician looked and acted like some crazed quack in a horror movie. A squat, curmudgeonly eccentric, he jounced through London in a cart hauled by three Asiatic water buffaloes. A moatless drawbridge guarded his rambling home at 12 Leicester Square. In the fetid basement of his country villa, a vast copper cauldron was kept at the boil; there he melted down human and animal corpses to get fresh skeletons for his grisly pathological museum of pickled fetuses, stuffed one-eyed pigs and cock-plumed hens. There may have been, as his contemporaries thought, more madness than method in his research, but dour John Hunter (1728-93) as much as any man helped turn surgery and pathology into sciences.

In this fluent, zestful biography, Author Kobler shows how, in the Age of Reason, John Hunter's profession was largely a slit-or-miss affair. Anesthesia was virtually unknown, patients scarcely drugged by doses of laudanum or brandy expected only death from the agony of the knife. Untrained midwives often ripped babies' heads from shoulders in the course of arduous labor. The cliquish Corporation of Surgeons had a near monopoly on cadavers; for dissection, private anatomy teachers were forced to traffic with the "sack-'em-up men"—the body snatchers.

Sharp & Scholar. To the professional satisfaction of his older brother, William, a melancholy anatomist who became one of London's more fashionable physicians, John Hunter could bargain for corpses with the finesse of a whist sharp (which he was). But he had other talents too. A careless scholar, an indifferent cabinetmaker, John at 20 joined his brother's London medical school. He learned fast: within a year he was teaching one of William's dissecting classes; later he helped on his brother's major discovery—the first accurate descriptive anatomy of a pregnant uterus.

On his own, John gained a reputation, a growing surgical practice at St. George's Hospital and a household. He had married the daughter of a friend from his two-year career as an army surgeon—Anne Home, who bore him four children and wrote tidy verses to Franz Joseph Haydn's music. While John padded about his museum, Anne kept a salon graced by Johnson and Boswell, Lord Chesterfield and Gibbon. Some of Hunter's students came too: Edward Jenner, who administered the first successful vaccination; Philip Syng Physick, the "Father of American Surgery."

Pearls & Bees. John—"that dear man" to Anne's teapanning crones—was all work, although his peers regarded it as play. He produced artificial pearls from mussels he kept in the bottom of his fish pond. While Anne plunked at her piano-forte, he listened until he fixed the exact note hummed by a swarm of bees (treble



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... a hand
in things to come

A above middle C). Obliging friends and zookeepers plied him with odd creatures for dissection. Only with reluctance did he take time for his patients. "I must go and earn this damn'd guinea," he complained, "or I shall be sure to want it tomorrow."

Eventually he did want for guineas. When Hunter died in 1793, heart-ailing and gouty, he was nearly bankrupt. Not even the sale of their country house kept Anne from the indignity of turning nanny.

Torpedoes & Trout. A lone wolf who scorned his fellow doctors, Hunter was perhaps too far ahead of his time to leave any single medical monument. He presented more than 50 papers to the Royal



Bettmann Archive

DR. HUNTER
Surgery was slit-or-miss.

Society on everything from torpedoes to the hearing of trout, but only a handful of his findings—an analysis of the lymphatic vessels, his pathology of gunshot wounds—were used by others while he lived. Yet a century before Darwin's voyage, he pondered the mystery of natural selection; 50 years before Sir Charles Lyell, he dabbled in scientific geology. "When we make a discovery in pathology," wrote one authority in 1818, "we only learn what we have overlooked in his writings or forgotten in his lectures."

Ironically enough, what may have been Hunter's proudest experiment proved a deadly failure. In 1767, when the distinction between venereal diseases was still unclear, he infected himself with pus from a patient who had both gonorrhea and (unknown to Hunter) syphilis. The gonorrhea was cured; the untreated syphilis, Kober suggests, probably killed him. But from Hunter's viewpoint, the tragedy was deeper: by concluding in his classic *Treatise on the Venereal Disease* that the infections were the same, he helped set back knowledge of venereal disease for a generation.

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By a Subscriber

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Tiger Bay. A fast-moving British film that follows a killer and a little girl around Cardiff, produces enough suspense to bring sweat to stone foreheads. With Horst Buchholz, Hayley Mills.

The Cranes Are Flying (Russian). An engaging love story is lifted high by the wild, fast-moving techniques of Director Mikhail Kalatozov, who seems blissfully released from "Socialist realism."

Once More, with Feeling. The late Comedienne Kay Kendall gives one of her most accomplished performances in the cinemadaptation of the Broadway show. With Yul Brynner.

Ikiru (Japanese). An undistinguished man is dying of cancer. His search for goodness at the end of life becomes a distinguished and brutally ironic film under the masterful direction of Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa.

The Magician (Swedish). A magician of the 19th century, under the eye and hand of Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman, comes alive on film to haunt audiences of the 20th.

Our Man in Havana. Alec Guinness and Noel Coward star in the film version of Graham Greene's spoof-and-stiletto novel.

Rosemary (German). When this real-life, highly successful prostitute was murdered in 1957, squads of West Germany's sleek industrial tycoons took to their Mercedes and fled the publicity. The film tells the story with sharply edged satire.

TELEVISION

Wed., March 23

U.S. Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).* Richard (Hare Gun) Boone takes off his shooting irons and gets tricked up as a circus "Charlie" (clown). Naturally, under the makeup, he is another Pagliaccio.

Thurs., March 24

Revlon Review (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). One more musical revue, but this one has Dorothy Loudon, one of the funniest females ever to pop out of a picture tube.

Fri., March 25

TV Guide Award Show (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A satire that may be a long way toward knocking off some of the surplus TV awards. Robert Young is host; Nannette Fabray and Fred MacMurray are supporting stars. Color.

The Snows of Kilimanjaro (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). The life and death of one of Papa Hemingway's most successful characters: a writer who bartered his talent for a life of travel and ease. Robert Ryan and Ann Todd star, with Janice Rule, Jean Hagen and Mary Astor.

Sun., March 27

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert (CBS, 1-2 p.m.). Leonard Bernstein continues in the role of genial host and garrulous narrator.

Sunday Showcase (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). The trumped-up Iwo Jima heroism and tragic alcoholic death of U.S. Marine Ira Hayes help make *The American* a bitter commentary on the life and hard times of

America's Pima Indians. Stars: Lee (M Squad) Marvin and Steven Hill.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). First of a two-part series spelling out man's curiosity about the world's oceans. Guests on *The Power of the Sea* include Scuba Expert Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Dr. Athelstan Spilhaus, dean of the Institute of Technology at the University of Minnesota.

Tues., March 29

Ford Starline (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Tony Curtis turns nobler than Hollywood ever allowed him to be in *The Young Jugler*, story of a crippled itinerant entertainer who finds forgiveness for a life of selfishness and pleasure. Based on the famed story *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, by Anatole France. With Patricia Medina and Nehemiah Persoff. Color.

Garry Moore Show (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Jazz takes over as Garry welcomes Ella Fitzgerald and Mel Tormé.

Korea, the Forgotten Front (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A documentary reminder of a war that has ended and a peace that never really held. The story of the G.I. garrison, 40,000 strong, that stands by for attack in "the land of the morning calm."

THEATER

Off Broadway

Heary IV Part I. Nicely balancing Shakespeare's broadsword heroics against his tankard humor, Manhattan's Phoenix Theater offers a play that has not always fared well with big names, here does an attractive job without any.

On Broadway

A Thurbur Carnival. In the country of Humorist James Thurber, there is a nut behind every tree: Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Alice Ghostley, Peggy Cass, John McGiver, in a cracking good revue.

Toys in the Attic. In one of Broadway's rare original plays, Lillian (The Little Foxes) Hellman once more proves herself both craftsman and writer, powerfully examines a weak ne'er-do-well (Jason Robards Jr.) and his maiden sisters (Anne Revere, Maureen Stapleton).

Fiorello! La Guardia, New York's most colorful mayor since the last Canarsie Indian chief, bursts into life again on the musical stage in a light and delightful evening planned by Director George Abbott, accomplished by Actor Tom Bosley.

The Miracle Worker. Actress Anne Bancroft plays the Irish tutor who draws the deaf-mute child Helen Keller (Patty Duke) into the light of language. The play is uncoordinated, but the acting makes for a deeply moving evening.

The Andersonville Trial. A post-Civil War trial—of the officer who ran the notorious Andersonville prison camp—makes a vivid show, although it never pays off on its promise to plunge to the bottom of the moral issues it raises.

Five Finger Exercise. British Playwright Peter Shaffer knows a tormented family when he sees one, and manipulates its members with skill. Deftly directed by Sir John Gielgud, with Jessicaandy.

The Tenth Man. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky's story about a young Jewish girl possessed by a dybbuk (evil spirit) succeeds as a genuine theater piece.

* All times E.S.T.



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BOOKS

Best Reading

Frank Harris: The Life and Loves of a Scoundrel, by Vincent Brome. Less scatological but more truthful than Harris' own account of his life, this biography offers a good portrait of the turn-of-the-century British editor, lecher and liar.

A European Education, by Romain Gary. This early Gary novel, like its successor, *The Roots of Heaven*, draws its force from a protagonist who is "condemned to heroism"—in this case a Polish boy whose lessons, learned during the Nazi occupation, are bitter and shattering.

Passage of Arms, by Eric Ambler. The latest amble into fear, a fable of gunrunning in Indonesia, is more lighthearted than the author's customary cloak-and-Luger exercises, but just as entertaining.

The Owl of Minerva, by Gustav Regier. The author, an ex-Communist, writes an absorbing memoir of his misadventures as a revolutionary, and in the process throws much light on 20th century history.

The Little War of Private Post, by Charles Johnson Post. The Spanish-American War now seems quaint as a mustache cup, but the author, who made the charge up San Juan Hill, writes movingly about both heroism and blundering.

Grant Moves South, by Bruce Catton. A brisk account of Grant's two-year metamorphosis from green and panicky officer to cool, hardened commander.

The Violent Bear It Away, by Flannery O'Connor. In this chilling novel of backwoods religion the author writes extremely well, but sometimes seems to poke a cruel kind of fun at the confused and God-bedeveled.

Between Then and Now, by Alba de Céspedes. Writing with unsettling skill about what it is like to be female, the author tells of a woman who discovers that the bonds of freedom can be more confining than those of family.

Love and the French, by Nina Epton. A keyhole view of the subject from the hard-jousting Middle Ages to the seemingly weary 20th century.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Shaw (5)
4. *The Constant Image*, Davenport (4)
5. *Ourselves to Know*, O'Hara (3)
6. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (9)
7. *The Lincoln Lords*, Hawley (7)
8. *Kiss Kiss*, Dahl (10)
9. *Poor No More*, Ruark (8)
10. *Dear and Glorious Physician*, Caldwell (6)

NONFICTION

1. *May This House Be Safe from Tigers*, King (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *Act One*, Hart (4)
4. *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Flynn (5)
5. *Grant Moves South*, Catton (3)
6. *The Joy of Sex*, Brynstein (6)
7. *The Loneliest Day*, Ryan (9)
8. *This Is My God*, Woolf
9. *A Time in Rome*, Bowen (10)
10. *The Enemy Within*, Kennedy

* Position on last week's list.

basketful of dreams

Dreams that died . . . dreams that lived . . . dreams of determined and restless men.

The death knell of the oar

Rowing is fun to sailors in Central Park. But, it was an ordeal to a Norwegian immigrant in Wisconsin, one Ole Evinrude.

Wisconsin is dotted with lakes . . . crisscrossed with streams. About every time Ole wanted to go somewhere, it was a case of row, row, row. Like all of us, Ole dreamed. Unlike most of us, Ole did something. In 1906, he designed the first practical outboard motor. By 1909, he was manufacturing them for the market.

What's more, he triggered a long chain of creativity. Men dreamed of a lighter, easier-to-carry motor. So, Outboard Marine produced the first lightweight aluminum motor in 1921. Other engineers dreamed of easier operation. So, Outboard Marine developed the first gear-shift, and the first electric starting. Remote controls thus became a reality. The motor's loud noise disturbed other dreamers. So, from Outboard Marine, came the first quiet outboards. These motors were shock-mounted to almost eliminate noise and vibration. Many more dreams came true, too many to list here. But, they made the outboard motor the efficient, quiet, economical power plant it is today.

But, all dreaming at Outboard Marine isn't confined to outboard motors.

Vehicle of a 1001 uses

For years, there has been a great need for a small gasoline-powered utility vehicle . . . one that could operate indoors and out.

With engineers of Outboard Marine's Cushman plant, to dream is to act. They went to work on drawing board and on testing ground. They created tough bantams that could do almost anything. However, some prototypes weren't tough enough, versatile enough, easy enough to operate, or economical to maintain. But, Outboard Marine engineers kept on. Finally, the 3-wheel Cushman Truckster® made its debut. The Truckster is hard to beat for versatility. It may be a mobile ice cream cart, a street cleaning unit, a trash collector, a personnel carrier, or a U.S. Mail delivery van. You'll find it in nearly every type of surroundings: in industrial plants and warehouses, airports, public parks, golf courses, and marinas.

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Ever push a lawn mower over dips and hollows . . . and have it slice off turf, as well as grass? So have Outboard Marine engineers at the LAWN-BOY plant. It gave them an obsession: a mower that would cut levelly no matter how uneven the terrain. So, they drew plans, constructed models, tinkered, and tested. Out of a lot of sweat and dreams came staggered wheels and the Activated Pilot Wheel. Now, a LAWN-BOY® takes the ups and downs of terrain in its stride. And, your turf remains untouched by cutting blade.

What is the goal?

Because of this basketful of dreams, you and other Americans work and play outdoors better and easier, with the products of Outboard Marine Corporation.



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I say, don't you chaps have the wrong ocean?

Indian Ocean's out East, you know. This is the Atlantic . . . and you fellows are AIR-INDIA. Come to think of it, why not AIR-INDIA service between the States and London? Give our American friends a taste of traditional Eastern hospitality. Flown AIR-INDIA myself all over Europe and the East for 12 years now. First-rate

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